The Forum

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OBSTACLES TO RATIONAL EDUCATIONAL REFORM.[1]

THE purpose of the present article is to point out how, in my opinion, the obstacles to rational educational progress may be overcome, and the coöperation secured on the part of all forces toward the development of an ideal system of schools.

While in former years I entertained the belief, in common with others, that the cause of the obstacles to educational progress might be attributed to public indifference and its consequences,—politics in school boards, incompetent supervision, insufficient preparation on the part of teachers, etc.,—further study and reflection have led me to the conclusion that these elements are not the ultimate cause of the evil, but constitute only the symptoms of a much more deeply hidden disease which permits all sorts of havoc to be played with the schools. The evil to

[1] For many years the author of the series of articles of which this is the first has been of the opinion, that the efforts on the part of the child during his schooling are not adequately rewarded by results. This belief led him, some eight years ago, to abandon his medical practice, in order that he might devote his time to work in the pedagogical field, in the hope of discovering a remedy for the defect. After studying psychology and pedagogy in the Universities of Jena and Leipsic, and examining the school systems of one hundred or more cities in this country and abroad, Dr. Rice felt that the time had arrived when he might venture to put his theories to practical use. Finally, some two years ago, he set out, under the auspices of THE FORUM, to collect the data on which his articles will be based. The nature of his researches, and their practical bearing, are made clear in the present paper. It is confidently believed that Dr. Rice's forthcoming papers will prove to be most valuable contributions to pedagogical science.—Ed. THE FORUM.

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which I refer is this; namely, that educators themselves cannot come to an agreement in regard to what changes, if any, are desirable or feasible. Many educators—men of learning and experience—do not appear to be in sympathy with the system of education advocated by reformers. Others, while admiring the spirit of the so-called "new education," question the feasibility of carrying out its demands in the common schools. Last, the great mass of our teachers, who have not entered into the intricacies of the problem, finding that there are many sides to the question, are in a state of doubt, ready to be led by any faction.

The ultimate cause of the lamentably slow progress toward the introduction of educational reforms may be traced, therefore, beyond the province of the general public, into the professional circle itself; to an inner strife and turmoil, consequent upon the uncertainties in which the entire problem of elementary education is involved. Consequently, in my opinion, the fate of educational reform rests entirely in the hands of educators, and will be decided by what is done, through their efforts, to dispel the uncertainties which have led the public to hesitate. In other words, if the educators can be brought to an understanding, the obstructions from without will take care of themselves. But, is it possible for all educators to meet on a common ground and together lay out definite plans of action?

If the source of the difficulty could be traced to a material difference in point of view in regard to the purpose of elementary education,—what, under ideal conditions, the elementary schools of our country ought to accomplish,—then, of course, endeavors to bring the various educational factions to an agreement would be as fruitless as endeavors to secure religious unity. A careful consideration of educational discussions, however, shows that a difference of opinion on the general purpose of our schools does not exist; but that there is substantially an agreement to the effect, that the general aim of the elementary schools of our country is to develop a moral individual, endowed with the power of independent thought, the ability to earn an honest livelihood, culture, refinement, and a broad and intelligent interest in human affairs. As the source of the conflict cannot be traced to the problem of educational purposes, we cannot fail to conclude that it must be sought at the practical end of the problem. And it is here that the difficulty actually lies. For, while we are agreed that the ultimate purpose of elementary education is to develop a good citizen, in the broadest sense of the term, we are by no means clear in regard to what to do, in order that the child may receive the benefit of all that can be done for him.

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In matters pertaining to the practical conduct of the schools, our notions to-day are not much more definite than they might have been a century ago. Indeed, so crude are they that, no sooner do we dip beneath the surface in our inquiries, than we find ourselves surrounded by utter confusion. The statements made on practical questions, even among our leading educators, are conflicting to the point of absurdity. And, as there are no proofs to offer as to who is right and who is wrong, we are left completely without a guide; so that we do not know which way to turn. Everything is speculative: nothing is positive. "I think" and "I believe" are the stereotyped expressions of the educational world: "I know" has not yet been admitted. If our ideas on the practical side should be vague only in regard to certain subtle questions now under discussion in our leading pedagogical circles, and involving hair-breadth metaphysical distinctions, the weaknesses would certainly be pardonable. Perfection cannot be found in any department of learning. But the complexion becomes entirely changed when we consider that we have absolutely no definite knowledge in regard to the most elementary questions; that our ideas in regard to a proper treatment of the old subjects—reading, spelling, penmanship, grammar, composition, and arithmetic—are fully as indefinite as they are in regard to what course to pursue in the sciences and the arts, or in the training of the moral character. Our leading educators are not even agreed, for example, as to whether the results secured by a five-year course in technical grammar are better than those secured by a one-year course, or whether the results will not be just as good if technical grammar be entirely omitted from the elementary school course. And, again, they are by no means agreed as to whether or not children who devote forty minutes daily to spelling turn out to be better spellers than those who devote, say, not more than five or ten minutes daily to that subject.

The element which, above all others, leads our people to doubt the feasibility of the new education, concerns the problem as to whether or not there is enough "time" at our disposal to secure satisfactory results in reading, writing, and arithmetic, if new subjects be freely introduced into the schools. In view of what I have just stated; namely, that the opinions of the most experienced vary enormously on the question of the time required to do a piece of work, it may readily be seen that whatever may be said on the subject at present is merely a random guess. Many of our reformers have endeavored to evade this question altogether by arguments to the effect that the Three R's are merely the

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tools of knowledge, and that, consequently, they are of much less educative value than the matters on which the new education lays stress. But such arguments will not aid the cause; for, whatever our individual notions on the point at issue may be, we cannot escape from the fact that the citizen who is not properly grounded in the Three R's labors at a disadvantage in the struggle for existence, and that, in consequence, duty compels us to check our individual inclinations and to gracefully bow to the inevitable.

Until the truth is known concerning the possibility of broadening the curriculum without detriment to the Three R's, educational conflict will not abate, and the road to progress will continue to be barred. Consequently, the work which, above all others, ought now to engage the attention of our people, in order that the children may receive the benefit of all that it is possible to do for them is, to undertake measures that will lead to the positive discovery as to how much time is actually required to secure satisfactory results in reading, writing, and arithmetic. That to-day we are utterly unable to give an intelligent answer to this question, is due simply to the fact that we have not yet made an attempt to discover the landmark which must serve as a guide in directing our judgment. And, before we shall be able to make any progress in the solution of this problem, it will be necessary definitely to locate the central point around which the entire problem of educational reform revolves. The landmark to which I refer is simply this; namely, a clear definition of what is meant by the term "satisfactory results." If we do not know what we mean by satisfactory results, how shall we be able, with any degree of intelligence, to judge when our task has been satisfactorily performed? If we have no definite goal, who can tell how long it will take to reach it, or what road will most directly lead to it? Until we come to a definite understanding in regard to this matter, our entire educational work will lack direction, and we shall continue, as heretofore, to grope our way along passages completely enveloped in darkness, in an endeavor to land, we know not where.

If we might have a standard which would enable us to tell when our task has been completed, our attention might be earnestly directed toward the discovery of short cuts in educational processes, which would enable the child, by the expenditure of very little time, to acquire the demanded knowledge and skill in branches whose educative value is small. Thus, by securing a standard of measurement for determining the results in the Three R's alone, our progressive educators might become freed from the fetters of prejudice, to labor, without

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restraint, toward the realization of higher ideals. Moreover, in the branches that are distinctively educative, a definite goal is necessary in order to determine the feasibility of certain methods of instruction. How, for example, will it be possible to determine whether or not satisfactory results can be secured in history and geography, if these subjects be unified in instruction, unless we have an understanding in regard to what is meant by satisfactory results in these branches? Or, how shall we be able to tell to what extent arithmetic may be successfully taught in connection with other branches, unless we know what is meant by satisfactory results in arithmetic?

When a standard is recognized in regard to the knowledge and skill which the child ought to possess in spelling, reading, penmanship, language, arithmetic, and so on, then all teachers may benefit from the labors of others directed toward the discovery of both economical and interesting methods of teaching. For want of such a standard, each individual teacher has, thus far, been a law unto himself; permitted to experiment on his pupils in accordance with his own individual educational notions, whether inherited from his grandmother or the result of study and reflection, entirely regardless of what was being done by others. So long as this condition is possible, pedagogy cannot lay claim to recognition as a science. In the recognized fields of science, such as physics, chemistry, medicine, etc., the members of the professions are not only willing to learn from each other, but they are compelled to do so under penalty of the law. Those who fail, in practice, to give due recognition to important discoveries are held responsible for the consequences. Before pedagogy can be recognized as a science, it will be necessary to discover at least some truths in regard to educational processes which, if ignored by the teacher, will make him fully as liable to prosecution for malpractice as the physician who has bungled in setting a bone. Until an accurate standard of measurement is recognized by which such truths may be discovered, ward politicians will continue to wield the baton, and educational anarchy will continue to prevail.

It may here be argued, that it would be impossible to secure a definite standard for measuring results, generally applicable in our country, on the ground that the needs of our people vary in different localities. While this sentiment deserves recognition, it will become apparent, during the course of my articles, that proper attention to local conditions, in the conduct of our elementary schools, would not tend in the least to alter the plan as a whole.

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At present, our ideas in regard to what the elementary schools are in duty bound to accomplish, or how much may be reasonably expected of the pupil, do not extend beyond a few very general notions. There is an agreement, first, that the child, on leaving school, should be able to read; second, that he should possess the ability to write a letter or a composition in a neat, legible hand, without mistakes in spelling, grammar, or punctuation; third, that he should be skilled in the use of figures; fourth, that he should have some knowledge of geography; and, fifth, that he should know some history. That we have no definite standard, however, in any one of these branches, becomes apparent, so soon as we seek for definite information. How many and which words should the child be able to spell, on leaving school, without referring to a dictionary? Ought our citizen to be a *littérateur*, or will the ability to write a good English sentence be satisfactory? Shall the child's penmanship, on graduating from the elementary school, be of sufficient elegance to enable him to earn money by writing visiting cards, or will a legible hand suffice? A very important question that arises, in connection with this apparently insignificant subject, concerns a definition of what is meant by a legible hand. How far-reaching this matter actually is, may be seen when we consider that the desire to secure an elegant instead of a neat handwriting may exert a great influence on the *entire school course*. The extra amount of time required in travelling from legibility to elegance might be, in itself, sufficient to crowd nature-study out of the curriculum. Moreover, the desire to secure elegant penmanship might necessitate a movement so slow, in everything that the child is obliged to write, as to seriously interfere with his development in other directions. Again, shall the child, when he graduates from the elementary school, be able, on demand, to solve any arithmetical puzzle that anyone may choose to place before him? Or, last, shall he be able, on call, to rattle off the boundaries of Ethiopia? If not, where shall the limit be drawn?

For lack of a definite standard, the selection of material for instruction has been made, thus far, in an arbitrary way, under no control other than that of tradition and individual opinion. The old-fashioned schoolmaster's method of procedure has been by far the easiest. His plan has been to set aside a certain number of hours each week for instruction in a given subject; and, during that time, to crowd into the child's mind as many things as possible, in the hope that some of them will be remembered, but without any particular regard for the question as to what good they would do even if they should happen to be

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retained. The new school of educators, on the other hand, has endeavored to solve the problem by selecting material that will interest the child; whereby much has been done to relieve the work of needless drudgery. But this method, also, has failed to give satisfaction; for, while the reformers have criticized the old-fashioned system as wasteful, in so far as too many useless facts are taught, the criticism passed on the new plan of work has been that it is too indefinite, and that, in consequence, it destroys the backbone of the old system without putting anything definite in its place. That so much conflict should exist in regard to what ought to be accomplished in each branch, is not due to the fact that there is no guide which will enable us to determine what is our duty. It is simply due to the fact that, for want of research in the proper direction, our notions on the subject have never become clear. When the matter is regarded in its proper light, it will be seen that, in solving the problem "What to teach," the individual educator is not entirely free to choose; but that, within certain limits, the matter is governed by definite laws. By reason of the fact that, within the prescribed limits, the same laws apply to all alike, a study of the laws which govern this matter would enable us to find a standard of measurement on which all our educators might agree.

The law by which the selection of material is governed is represented, at least in part, by the demands of society for a definite amount of positive knowledge and skill. That we cannot agree in regard to what must be done, is due simply to the fact that we are not properly acquainted with what is needed. Consequently, the work which above all others, should now absorb the attention of our educators is that work which will lead to definite information in regard to what is required, and how much can be expected of the child, in individual branches of knowledge. When our ideas on this matter are clear, it will be possible to secure a selection of material that will no longer be provided in an arbitrary way, but will be such as to satisfy the demands of all. When we are clear in regard to what is needed, it will be possible to determine what results in individual branches may be deemed satisfactory, and how much time will be required to reach this goal. By securing an agreement in regard to what must be accomplished by all, the educator would not be deprived of his individuality. On the contrary, he would be much more free than he has ever been; for, so long as the demanded results are obtained, he would be at liberty both to present the desired material in any form that he might choose and to do as much else as he might deem fit. How the necessary data

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which would lead to definite conclusions on this subject might be secured, will be pointed out later on.

The establishment of a standard, to enable the teacher to tell when his task in a given branch has been satisfactorily performed, constitutes only one of the practical problems with which the educator is confronted. The remaining problem is concerned in the discovery of a standard by which may be determined how much time it is necessary to devote to a subject, in order to complete this task. By the establishment of such a standard we should be given a basis for testing the comparative economy of different educational processes. That the importance of labor in this direction cannot be over-estimated, becomes apparent when we consider that the extent to which the child's education may be broadened depends almost entirely upon the time required to secure satisfactory results in reading, writing, and arithmetic. That, at present, we are absolutely unable to form an intelligent judgment in regard to how much time ought to be consumed in completing a piece of work, is proved by what has already been stated; namely, that educators are not even agreed as to whether better spellers will be produced by devoting forty minutes daily to spelling than by devoting not more than five or ten minutes daily to that subject; or whether the results secured by a five-year course in technical grammar are superior to those obtained by a one-year course.

Our lack of knowledge on this point, however, is not due to the fact that nothing positive can be known in regard to the comparative economy of different educational processes; it is due simply to the fact that the proper steps have not yet been taken which will give us the required information. That educators should thus far have failed to throw the needed light on the subject, may be fully explained by the fact that they have endeavored to solve the problem by means of hypotheses based on psychology; whereas facts alone can tell the tale. In a word, they have made the fatal mistake of exactly reversing the true order of things. Instead of proving the accuracy of their hypotheses by a study of the results of a given process, they have endeavored to prove, in advance, what the results of methods based on these hypotheses must be. The plight into which this mode of procedure has brought us will become obvious by a simple illustration.

For example, psychology will permit one to argue, that ideas will not be clear unless they have absorbed the entire attention for a time. This would indicate that, in arranging a school programme, it is necessary to set aside a certain period—entirely arbitrary, however—to be

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devoted to instruction in spelling. On the other hand, we are as fully justified in reasoning that, in school, the child is obliged to devote a considerable amount of time to writing; that, whenever he writes, he spells; and that, in consequence, it is not necessary to provide any special time on the programme for spelling. Which of these two methods of reasoning is correct, can be determined only by a study of results.

That general psychology, in itself, should fail to be of direct assistance in determining the question of economy of effort, is due to the fact that this subject is purely a qualitative science, treating of the qualities of the mind, while economy of effort in teaching is strictly a quantitative problem. Psychology teaches us the laws in accordance with which the mind digests ideas; but it gives us no information whatever in regard to the number of ideas that can be digested, within a given period, or how much time is required to complete the digestion of a given number of ideas.

To illustrate: We learn from psychology that the concrete precedes the abstract. This has led many to believe, for instance, that in the early lessons in arithmetic the child should handle objects, in order that he may secure a clear conception of the meaning of numbers. But how many hours of the child's school time ought to be consumed in acquiring a clear conception of numbers up to ten, cannot be learned from psychology; it is purely a question of experience. Again, as I have already stated, we are all agreed that when the child has completed his elementary school course he ought to be able to write an ordinary letter without gross mistakes in grammar. But what amount of time must be devoted to technical grammar, in order to accomplish this result; whether it will necessitate a five-year course, or a one-year course, or whether it can be accomplished simply through incidental hints, are questions upon which the most learned dissertations on the origin and psychology of language cannot throw any light whatever. There is only one method by which such matters can be determined; and that is, to discover how much time has been consumed by the most successful teachers in reaching a certain end. It is only in this way that we shall be able to learn how much time it is necessary to consume, in order to complete a given piece of work; and, again, to discover which particular educational processes will serve to accomplish a given task by the expenditure of the smallest amount of time.

What must be done then, in order that our system of education

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may be placed on a secure foundation, is, to institute researches toward obtaining facts that will lead, first, to the establishment of standards by which the teacher may be able to determine when his task, in a given branch, has been satisfactorily performed; and, second, to the establishment of standards which will enable us to judge how much time is needed to secure a definite result. Once these truths are recognized, the factional lines between conservatives and radicals will cease to exist, and all will become co-laborers in the discovery of the laws that apply to all our educators, regardless of pedagogical creed.

In order to test the feasibility of researches such as I have outlined, I have devoted the past two years to examining children, taught by every conceivable method, in schools representing a very large section of our country. By means of examinations in a number of school branches—spelling, penmanship, English composition, and arithmetic—I hoped to be able, first, to establish certain goals, through the discovery of what our children might reasonably be expected to accomplish; and, second, by a comparison of results, to arrive at some definite conclusions concerning the comparative economy of different methods of teaching. The number of children examined has, thus far, reached nearly one hundred thousand; and care was exercised to secure exact information, not only in regard to the methods employed, but also in regard to the age, nationality, and environment of the children, in order that the influence of conditions might be duly taken into consideration. These examinations have brought some things to light, which, in my opinion, are destined to destroy many of our preconceived notions. The results will be published in detail during the course of this series of articles.

The labor involved in taking the tests, in marking the papers, and in the preparation of the very elaborate statistical tables has been so great as to require the undivided attention of myself and a number of special assistants. Although for individual enterprise the undertaking may be considered as almost unwieldy, I have become fully convinced, as the result of my researches, that, by means of concerted efforts on the part of teachers, or by the establishment of a bureau supported by our National Government, not only would the work become comparatively simple, but it would lead to the very speedy solution of a number of vital educational questions, and would thus serve, in a comparatively brief period, to place our schools on a rational foundation.

In my next paper I shall give a detailed account of my method

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of procedure; and I shall then endeavor to show how a study of this nature would lead, inductively, to the development of an educational psychology, of which we have long been speaking, but which, in fact, does not yet exist.

In closing, I desire once more to emphasize the point, that the plan proposed in this article would not lead to the destruction of the individuality of the teacher; but that, on the contrary, it would mean a degree of individual freedom far beyond any that has been hitherto enjoyed. While the necessity for completing a definite task in each school branch is recognized, nothing is contained in the plan that would interfere with the employment of any pedagogical scheme, or with the development of the child in any direction, so long as the teacher would be able, by his methods, to secure the stipulated results. And, in my opinion, it is not until the standards that I have pointed out shall have been established, that we shall have an intelligent basis upon which to construct a course of study, or to apportion the time in the arrangement of a school programme, or to form the slightest conception concerning the possibilities of elementary education.

J. M. Rice.

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ANOTHER YEAR OF CHURCH ENTERTAINMENTS.

In other studies prepared for this magazine,[1] I have been constrained to point out how seriously the division of Christians into the multiplicate sects which flourish among us interferes with the spiritual work of the Church. I would not always be uttering maledictions; and, with what grace an enemy of sectarianism can do so, I am now making the admission—to which I am forced by a second year's attention to the subject—that at all events the work of amusing the public is, under this system, prosecuted with a zeal born of no other.

My record of entertainments given by religious societies in the United States from June 1, 1895, to June 1, 1896, includes more than five hundred of these occasions. This is, of course, the merest fraction of the whole number given during the year, and yet, fragmentary as is my record, it probably affords a fair index of the remarkable labors of American religious organizations in this direction. It is with a feeling of wonder touched with awe that a student turns the pages of this chronicle of a year's activity by the churches; that he discovers how instant and keen is their appreciation of the wants of the amusement-loving, how tireless their devotion to the interests of the box-office: it is with a sense of amazement tinged with admiration that he discovers with what increasing ardor the institution, founded not to be ministered unto but to minister, is giving itself to the duty of providing fun at a minimum cost; with what unexampled philanthropy it is placing within reach of the humblest and poorest of Christian people, the Female Minstrel, the Dog-Show, the Dance of the Wood-Nymphs, the Brownie Drill, and kindred joys.

Glancing through my record, I glean such religious intelligence as the following:

St. John's Church, Lowell, Massachusetts, in its Easter festivities,

[1] Dr. Hale has published in The Forum, "A Religious Analysis of a New England Town," March, 1894; "The Impotence of Churches in a Manufacturing Town," November, 1894; "A Religious Study of a Baptist Town," February, 1895; and "A Study of Church Entertainments," January, 1896.

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produced "Violet in Fairyland" and "A Comedy of Errors up to date." The Unity Church, Brockton, the Porter Church, Brockton, and various other congregations in surrounding towns, have delighted southeastern Massachusetts with a laughable performance entitled "Aunt Jemima's Album." Another Brockton church has given a Wish-bone Party. The Christian Endeavorers of Menlo, Iowa, have engaged in a New Woman Social. St. Paul's, Rahway, New Jersey, and several other religious societies, have presented that awakening and gladdening exhibition, "The Mystic Midgets." St. Paul's, Newburyport, Massachusetts, offered "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks," rejuvenescent with *Trilby* characters (without whom no well-ordered modern church performance is complete) and *The Man who Tickled his Wives to Death.* Grace Church, Salem, Massachusetts, scored heavily with its "Masque of Culture." St. Francis de Sales, Charlestown, Boston, entertained a thousand people at a Progressive Whist Party. St. Catherine's parish, Charlestown, has given a Grand Barbecue, with athletic sports, political speeches, fireworks, and dancing, as features. Several thrifty Boston churches, fortunately situated on the line of march taken by the parading Knights Templars at their recent national conclave, erected stands on, or in front of, their consecrated premises, and turned an honest penny by selling seats for an entertainment which they did not have to trouble themselves to give. Members of the New Church, Bath, Maine, came forward with "Woodcock's Little Game," said to be a clever thing in the comedy vein, a brilliant series of Living Pictures, and that screaming farce, "Poor Pillicoddy." St. Paul's, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, held a Shakesperian Carnival; a reverend cleric, as *Hamlet*, did effective work in the ghost scene, and selected members of the choir, with others, rendered the lullaby from "Midsummer Night's Dream." Dancing furnished a fitting conclusion of the evening, the Grand March being led by *Julius Cæsar* and the one hundred and twenty-five costumed actors. Unusually successful was the last annual Fair of Highland Congregational Society, Larch Street, Providence, whose place of worship was skilfully transformed into a market-place, where macaroni and suspenders—specially mentioned among other articles—were sold. The First Parish, Groton, Massachusetts, danced the New Year in, and realized about twelve dollars. The Asbury M. E. Church, Providence, has given a Hay-seed Party. Ballou Universalist Church, Providence, has rendered "Down by the Sea," a two-act drama; tickets twenty-five cents, dancing *not* included.

At Norwood, Massachusetts, on a Wednesday, the appetizing odor

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of coffee pervaded the Baptist church. On Thursday, in the Methodist church, the pastor sang a number of songs, grave and gay, unfortunately to a small audience, and a talented monologue artiste was heartily applauded. On the ensuing Wednesday, the Universalists (whose dining-room had recently been enlarged) gave a Birthday Party, in the course of which a Baby Rattle and Spoon Drill was performed in a gratifying manner. Another Birthday Party was given by the Congregationalists the next evening, but on Wednesday following, as nearly as I can make out the time, the Universalists again pressed to the front with a Yule-Tide Market, at which, at a slight advance over secular prices, confectionery, linen, stationery, meat, vegetables, and groceries of all descriptions were offered for sale. The Norwood "Advocate's" accounts of these events are among the most exquisitely vivid of contemporary religious records.

Epworth M. E. Church, Toledo, has enriched its treasury by a Weigh Social. St. John's M. E. Church, Toledo, has given a stimulating entertainment by the Peak Sisters, widely known in American religious circles, introducing that touching ballad, "Do You Know the Mouth of Man?" in which the gentle art of kissing is referred to ninety times; while the First Presbyterian Church, Toledo, has produced a refined diversion called "Just Us Girls," opening with a "What Is It?" march, in which the young ladies wear their hair over their faces, and masks on the back of their heads; thus convulsing the audience by the spectacle of apparent deformities in an extraordinary series of evolutions.

Passing on through the notices I have preserved, my eye is caught by accounts of a Mock Town Meeting, a Poker Party, a Fancy Dress Drill, a Tambourine Drill (irreverently described by the secular press as "a winner"), a Dude Drill, a Great Moral Dime Show (introducing McGinty, a dwarf, and a petrified man), a Spider-web Party, a Mother Goose Market, and a Husking Bee. There are one or two announcements of "Gymnastic Exhibitions" and "Athletic Exhibitions," which I make bold to believe are euphemisms for sparring contests. It was in the Boston "Herald" of only a day or two ago, that I recognized in the name "Ike Weir, the Spider," committed to trial for brutal assault, that of a pugilist long disreputable, who has appeared in my own town of Middleboro, Massachusetts, in a boxing-match which was a feature of a church fair. After having served his time, "the Spider" will be an even more attractive personage for churches desiring to interest the public.

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There is in my collection a brief reference to a pastor who entertained his flock with feats of legerdemain. Let the admiring fancy picture the reverend gentleman as he stands at the sacred desk, the glow of spiritual enthusiasm in his eye, the flame of holy ardor on his forehead, making an omelet in a silk hat, or taking rabbits out of the ears of his devoted people!

I have this year no report from Christ Church, Springfield, Missouri, which has formerly shown noteworthy ability in the preparation of such gladsome affairs as a "Dance of the Arab Maidens," a "Blackbird Ballet," and "The Chew Glue Sisters in their Song and Dance Specialties." The term by which the Christ Church shows were by some referred to is that very vulgar one applied by people of the baser sort to burlesques of the Sam Jack and Rentz Santley type. Christ Church does not, I think, maintain its activity in this direction, and St. John's, I believe, has done little since its experience with the peripatetic managers of a Kirmis, but that the line of entertainment so fearlessly initiated in Springfield has not been permitted to die out through any loss of zeal there, my record abundantly proves. The First Reformed Church, Bedford Avenue and Clymer Street, Brooklyn, has this year given a Living-Picture Show in which society women of the Eastern District posed in gilt frames, indifferently as St. Cecilia and Bacchante, The Madonna of Consolation, and La Zingarella. Ladies of St. John's, Youngstown, Ohio, in a black-face performance, made a pleasing appearance when they came before the foot-lights with songs, dances, and local hits.

Now, I would not cloud with one moment's annoyance the brows of the esteemed persons who get up these shows. I do not carp at sacred Female Minstrels: they don't happen to suit my taste; but I may be peculiar. And yet when I read in the Buffalo "Enquirer" that at Fredonia, New York, the young ladies not only corked, but appeared in bloomers, and that at Woodside, Long Island, a similar performance was further enlivened by a pleasing act on the part of a young lady who, with enviable agility, if not discretion, kicked a tambourine held above her head, I cannot but feel that—considered as religious exercises—these doubtless delightful occasions may be, in some details, open to criticism.

Neither can I personally with quite untempered enthusiasm commend the form which consecrated zeal has taken in the case of Grace Church, Erie and Second Streets, Jersey City. According to a press despatch, this congregation made a distinct advance in the art of sacred amusement by its recent production of "The Talisman," a three-act

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opera, the novelty being that the male rôles, those of *Sir Roland* and *Don Carlos*, were taken by girls in fleshings. I may be wrong,—the New York "Independent" will correct me if I am,—but I should be disposed to regard this also as perhaps an error of taste. I know how great is the pressure for more and more exciting shows upon churches which have gone into the theatrical business,—and the press reports state that Grace Church owes much of its prosperity to the frequency with which it provides high-class entertainments,—but, frankly, there has been, at least until recently, a prejudice against this particular costume as an attire for young ladies in church.

I have, however, no hesitation in commending—as a successful exhibition of impudent and attractive indecency—the New Woman Social given, according to the New York papers, by the male members of the Methodist Society of Hancock, New York. Some of the more engaging toilets worn by these followers of John Wesley are described in the despatch. "W. F. Stimpson in lilac bloomers with lace trimmings, was irresistible, as was E. H. Taylor in a Mother Hubbard, and with a weeping-willow plume. E. C. Seeley wore shiny black bloomers, set off with a gorgeous sash. J. Curtis Martin wore red bloomers and an angelic smile. Olin Henderson in check bloomerettes, Ward Thompson in a shirt waist, and W. H. Dean with balloon sleeves, were also conspicuous."

This is, possibly, funny. But for monumental godlessness made endurable by no saving grace of humor, for simian imbecility, for supreme and inimitable folly unmarred by the slightest suggestion either of common decency or ordinary self-respect, for grovelling baseness and depraved vulgarity,—the Trilby Party, otherwise the Foot Social, otherwise the Ankle Auction, stands at the head of the church entertainments of the year. While others are trudging along the weary plains of the unimaginative and the ordinary, the Methodist Episcopal Church of Suffern, New York, and St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church of New Brunswick, New Jersey, with unblanched cheek and dauntless eye, have scaled the Alpine heights of deathless shame. I have received from all parts of the country marked copies of newspapers reporting these events; some of the papers bearing the request, "Please give this your attention." I am very willing to do so, but I regret the inadequacy of my vocabulary, and I refrain from any further attempt to characterize the performance. In the Trilby Social, as given by the Suffern M. E. Epworth League and the New Brunswick P. E. Olive Branch Society, the young ladies

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of the church display their—feet, let us say, and be polite,—behind a curtain which is lifted to a height described as "tantalizing." Men in front of the curtain view what is displayed of one female after another, and then bid for the privilege of taking her to supper. The charm of the scheme is the ease with which it lends itself to the worse than dubious; and I have no doubt that the press accounts of the scenes which attended the bidding are, in both cases, highly colored, though the most literal truth would certainly be exciting enough. The Boston "Sunday Journal" illustrated one of these events with a half-page picture; the "New York Herald" gave it a two-column illustration; the accompanying letter-press, and the reports published in other papers, describe a show which, in a respectable community, under other than ecclesiastical management, might have difficulty with the police.

Tom-Thumb Weddings and Mock Marriages multiply. Plymouth Church, Chicago, is this year among those which have thus made Holy Matrimony a pleasing joke. One P. E. Church in Massachusetts, fired by the realistic spirit of the modern tank drama, added a vivid touch to its mock celebration of this Sacrament, by the introduction of real choir-boys; but an African M. E. Church in New Bedford, with native imitative genius, outshone its white competitors with a sumptuously staged burlesque of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt nuptials. These congregations would profit under the tutor to whom St. Paul consigned Hymenæus and Alexander.

For Sunday-evening entertainments, for which, as a rule, no charge is made, the stereopticon is easily the most popular device. The pastor of the First Lutheran Church, Kansas City, testifies with enthusiasm that since he took up the lantern the collections have trebled. From Plymouth Church, Salina, Kansas, comes the true story of a man who had not entered a church for thirty years previous to his attendance upon its picture-show: he was so affected that he immediately joined *another* church. Here are specimen numbers, taken from lantern programmes in my possession:

ILLUSTRATED HYMN: ROCK OF AGES. (9 SUPERB VIEWS.)

(1) *Cross in angry sea.*
(2) *Lightning illuminates face of Cross.*
(3) *A rainbow spans it.*
(4) *Female figure clings to it.*
(5) *Angel lends a helping hand.*
(6) *A heavenly ray of light shines upon them.*
(7) *Borne on high—Cross beneath.*
(8) *The silent sea; Cross seen from above.*
(9) *Mechanical framed slide throws on last slide twinkling stars and rippling water.*

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DANIEL.

Daniel before the king.
Belshazzar's feast.
Daniel praying.
Nebuchadnezzar before the fiery furnace.
Angel effect to the same.

Few cities or towns in the land have this year been without a Bicycle Service. Floral wheels make appropriate decorations, and if the organ has a Swiss Bell stop, it may be appropriately played. A favorite text is Psalm LXXXIII, 13, "O my God, make them like a wheel." (Hebrew גלגל, *galgal*, a whirling thing.) The anthem might be a musical setting of the tender, howbeit uninspired, sentiment:—

"Watch o'er my safety while I sleep."

The pastor of the Methodist Church of St. Louis, Michigan, having entertained firemen, veterans, and blacksmiths, outdid himself in a Barber's Sunday Evening. Scissors, hair-dye, cups, soaps, brushes and combs, mirrors and washes, tastefully arranged on the walls and platform, with festoons of towels and rosettes of brilliantine and bay-rum bottles, gave a homelike appearance to the church; sitting in a barber's chair, the pastor gathered inspiration for his lecture, and then, rising, he pressed home in the choicest terms of the tonsorial profession, the lesson of the razor and the strop.

An Otsego, Michigan, pastor has issued a show-bill headed "SILVER GIVEN AWAY! Eight Dollars To-night and Each Evening This Week at Congregational Church!" The money is given as prizes to the first persons who unravel the texts for the several evenings. These are printed on the bill in this fashion: "Text for Friday Evening: 'Eodht anrfo ehfte htbso euout awsol bclet eosfo dgons hdlae duhet hsnpd wteha rhaet vloen mawlh.'"

I need not, I fancy, further transcribe from my record. The extremes to which venders of sensational religion, and managers of sensational church performances, are forced, will sufficiently appear from the instances already given. Referring to the Sunday performances, I would be understood. I am launching no anathemas at any well-meant effort to make religion attractive. Dignity is not the chief consideration in a divine service, and it is conceivable that it is sometimes expedient to sacrifice good taste to a more important thing—the benefit of souls. But I deplore, and I feel that serious men must everywhere deplore, the conditions which make the sensational Sun-

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day show frequent and familiar. As a means of drawing a big house, I concede its convenience, under our present unhappy divisions; but I traverse the opinion, if it is anywhere held, that a Sunday show would be necessary under a sane and Christian—that is, a united, a Catholic—administration of religion. Where now rival sects find it necessary to "go to the masses" with Prize Texts, Bicycle Runs for Christ, Cyclone Evangelists, and Lantern Services, a united Church, soberly engaged in its proper work, would find the masses eager to come to it. I greatly misjudge the people if they would not be more strongly attracted by an institution with a distinctive and easily discerned character, than they are by a multitude of nondescript concerns which are indifferently meeting-houses, cycle depots, or barber shops.

But it is not a desire to gather the people, in order to preach the gospel to them, that actuates congregations which engage in the miscellaneous entertainments, some of which I have described. Thereat suck they out no small advantage. The *raison d' être* of these things is in the fact that a hundred and forty sects have fastened themselves upon a people who cannot support them. The show is the only means by which thousands of our innumerable and unnecessary religious societies can pay their bills. The inevitable tendency toward greater and greater sensationalism has been repeatedly pointed out in this series of papers. The present article may perhaps suggest the conclusion that this tendency is now not far from the limit which a decent civilization will impose. The end of the path is being reached. A review of the entertainments of the past year affords evidence that, with dangerous rapidity, church entertainments are taking the nature of improper exhibitions. Ordinary buffoonery no longer draws. The more tempting attractions of the forbidden, the more spicy morsels of the variety theatre are demanded, and are being supplied.

Here again I would not be misunderstood. Healthy amusement, honest fun, is for human enjoyment. God has filled the world with good things, and we ought to use them. Good-natured nonsense is refreshing. Beautiful faces and graceful dances are joys in which we are wise to take pleasure. That there is a frank, though restrained, life of the senses possible as an attendant upon the highest spirituality, I believe to be the teaching of the Sacraments ordained by Christ. Oversqueamishness is not a necessary characteristic of earnest morality. Let us be human; let us be hearty; let us be, as we were made, men and women; but, in Heaven's name! let us insist that when people appear in, or for the benefit of, churches, they shall keep on their proper

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clothes. The theatre and the music-hall, properly conducted, are not establishments upon which the Church has any war to wage. But the Church is not a system of theatres and music-halls. It is a divine institution with a definite, particular, and sacred office, distinct from that of all human agencies whatsoever. It is to teach the sacredness of life, by standing for the essentially sacred side of life. Its songs are not merry glees, but litanies of human hopes and sorrows, and chants of human hearts in winged aspirations seeking God. If there is in life anything pure, and virginal, and sweet,—God knows it is hard enough to keep the faith that there is!—where is there to be kept any place and expression for it, if what are called the houses of God are given over to immodesty? We expect certain things from Mr. Hardy and the Zolaists, but we are hurt and grieved when the *Galahad* of our story-tellers descends to "Summer in Arcady." It may be too much to look for cleanliness on the professional stage; but surely it is beyond pardon that any body bearing the name of a Church of Jesus, the undefiled Nazarene, should, by a doubtful exhibition, sully the mind of any pure lad or tender maiden committed to its care.

If there is anywhere any witness for innocence, any illustration of the seriousness, nobility, and dignity of life; if there is anywhere any institution to preserve faith in the world, to administer the Sacraments, —that one which has taught former generations as nothing else ever could have taught, or ever can teach, the essential brotherhood of men, and that other which preaches the real presence of God in His world; any power to maintain, against the attacks of the foes of order, the sanctity of marriage; if there is anywhere any organ of God to set right the judgments of society, to absolve whom He has absolved, but to whom men refuse pardon; anywhere any authority also to declare the eternal righteousness, to thunder the demands of justice, and make plain the practical duties of honesty, chastity, and mercy; anywhere, in this time of social travail, any witness to the reality of the Kingdom of Heaven, bold to demand that it be set up in very truth upon this soil of earth; any corporate love to search out the poor, and minister to the sick, to pour upon the wounds of the victims of our social injustice the compassionate healings of its symyathy,—it is not easy to recognize it in an agglomeration of enfeebled sects which eke out miserable existence by pitifully entertaining a world which the Church is intended to minister to, to lead, to teach, and to save.

Christianity is not stronger to do its work because, in the churches of its professors, there is being substituted for the incense of prayer,

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the aroma of the bean supper and the oyster stew. It is not more beautiful and winning because the congregations of its competing sects are growing adept in meretricious arts. Far otherwise. The divided Church is in humiliation and disgrace. Its impotence is perceived: it is despised. This is because it is trying to live in violation of its constitution. The Church is constituted in Unity, not in division; in Holiness, not in desecration, immodesty, vulgarity, and sensationalism; in Catholicity, not in the spirit of sectarianism. The Church will again wield its ancient sway over the hearts of men when, returning from its apostasy, absolved and regenerate, it again appears—One, Holy, and Catholic.

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE.

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RUDYARD KIPLING AS A POET.[1]

It has for a long time been plain that Mr. Kipling takes his work in verse quite as seriously as his work in prose; but his critics have for the most part obstinately declined to take it so. Not long ago one professor, I believe of English literature, was quoted as saying of another professor of that branch of the humanities that he had "disposed of himself" as a judge by naming the author of "Barrack-Room Ballads" as his second choice for the laureateship, then still ostensibly vacant. Last year Mr. William Henry Bishop contributed to these pages an interesting paper on "Mr. Kipling's Work, So Far," in which he thus summarily dismissed his author's poetical claims:—

"The verse—in the volumes devoted to that sister accomplishment—is often dangerously nigh to pure doggerel; the 'Barrack-Room Ballads' do not always rise above the concert-hall ballads which they distinctly take as a model."

Even if one resent Mr. Bishop's dismissal of a large part of Mr. Kipling's verse as "pure doggerel," he has to own that he sees what the critics mean. As Matthew Arnold says about Burns, the world of the "Barrack-Room Ballads" "is not a beautiful world," nor does the balladist endeavor to beautify it. Neither is the dialect of Thomas Atkins "poetical diction," and the balladist rigorously restricts himself to it. Sometimes the results of this Biblical plainness of speech are impossible to be promulgated at tea-parties, as indeed Thomas Atkins in person would not be an eligible guest at such an assemblage. There is one Biblical word, in particular, that is distinctly overworked in "The Seven Seas" which has not been printable in polite literature for more than a century.

This is an extreme and crucial instance of a wilfulness of which we need not turn many pages either of the "Ballads" or of the "Seven Seas" to find exemplifications. It is a defiance of conventions for the

[1] "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads." New edition with additional poems. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1896.

"The Seven Seas." By Rudyard Kipling, author of "Many Inventions," "Barrack-Room Ballads," "The Jungle Books," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1896.

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sake of defiance without stopping to consider whether they are well-founded, and whether more is not to be lost than gained by defying them. A sense of responsibility is no more to be detected in Mr. Kipling's latest than in his earliest work. Extravagances which would pass in "Barrack-Room Ballads" or sea "chanteys" reappear to mar serious and noble verse, such as the dedication to Wolcott Balestier. The line in that dedication—

> "And they rise to their feet as He passes by—gentlemen unafraid."—

which has given one reviewer much pain will perhaps not equally afflict most readers. But most readers, I think, will agree that the colossal figure of the dead who—

> "Sit at wine with the Maidens Nine, and the Gods of the Elder Days"—

becomes Gargantuan, and that the step from the sublime to the ridiculous is clearly taken, in the verse

> "'T is theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's outposts are,
> Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes out to war,
> *Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star.*"

There is no use in multiplying instances:—the reader has to own that good taste is not in Mr. Kipling's line, that he has not the tact and measure and discretion for which Matthew Arnold exhorted his countrymen to resort to French literature, and that he abounds in the "freaks and violences" which the critic deplored. That this defect disables a writer from doing successful *vers de société* may be readily admitted, and this accounts for the failure of the "Departmental Ditties." These are for the most part *vers de société* and they distinctly lack the sureness of tact and the lightness of hand that are indispensable in this kind. He has shown wisdom in abandoning the hope of a successful Anglo-Indian competition with Praed and Locker and Austin Dobson.

But he can do something else, and something better. If he lack the good taste which might make his verses more suitable for tea-parties he has what Mr. Carlyle's hard worked old Hindoo friend Ram Dass boasted himself to possess. He has "fire enough in his belly to burn up all the sins of the world"—which also is scarcely a tea-party locution. Who else is writing English either in prose or verse who has so much of the *vivida vis animi* that appears on almost every page of the "Seven Seas"? Sometimes it appears in single vivid phrases, less often in a vision presented with poetical completeness and poetical illusiveness, but even in the least successful of these poems it rarely fails to make itself felt.

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Exception must be taken to the assertion already quoted that the author of the "Barrack-Room Ballads" takes the music-hall ballads "as a model." One does not say of a composer who employs the vernacular dance-tunes or song-tunes that he models his work after them. Mr. Kipling evidently makes profuse use, in his dramatic presentation of the British soldier, of the forms in which the British soldier expresses himself. It appears that he has made freer use than has been suspected by reading people of the material also of the genuine and inedited ballads, not of the music hall, but of the barrack room, the recitations of the "regimental bards" of which he gives an example that may be authentic in "The Conference of the Powers." This appears from the delightful lines inserted by way of preface to the instalment of "Barrack-Room Ballads" in the new volume, the lines beginning

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre—"

The notion of tipping a confidential wink to the whole British army not to betray the plagiarist to the civilian world which reads books and does not know barrack rooms is a characteristic and happy audacity.

The most obvious thing about the "Barrack-Room Ballads," is the definiteness and importunacy of the rhythm. Mr. Kay Robinson, Mr. Kipling's former associate on a newspaper in India, in a most interesting account of his colleague's way of work, tells us, what we might perhaps have divined, that in Mr. Kipling's ballad-writing, after the topic and before the literary motive came the rhythmical motive, the tune. The "lilt" is indeed the life of a ballad, which unless it sings itself may have any other qualities you like and still fail of being a ballad. The rhythms of Mr. Kipling's ballads are so marked and insistent that they commit themselves to memory almost at a reading, and the poet enforces them to the utmost, not only by the words which he sets to them, but even, lest the reader should miss what the hearer cannot miss, by indications of instrumental accompaniment, as the cornet in the ballad of "Loot," and the bugle in "The Widow's Party," where the jingle gives a touch of grotesqueness to the form that heightens the tragedy of the story :—

"'What was the end of all the show,
Johnnie, Johnnie?'
Ask my Colonel, for I don't know,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
We broke a King and we built a road—

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A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed.
And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed
When the Widow give the party.
(*Bugle*)—Ta-rara-ra-ra-rara!"

The "Big Drum" is equally effective in the curiously onomatopoetic refrain of "Route Marchin.'" To look over the titles is to remember the tunes, and to wonder at the balladist's fecundity in rhythms or, if you please, in jingles. One of the most remarkable achievements of this kind in the new volume is the "Song of the Banjo," which is so remarkable on other accounts.

Much as there is of variety in these metres, it must be owned that there is not much of subtlety in Mr. Kipling's music, which is chiefly choruses and march-tunes. Nobody would think of calling the balladist an idyllist. The strident and aggressive threnody I have already quoted has certainly nothing of elegiac. But this note is not altogether wanting. That tenderness and grace may be attained even in the dialect of Thomas Atkins is shown in the last of the new "Barrack-Room Ballads," the song of the discharged private who had

"Sat in Clink without his boots
Admirin' how the world was made"—

The same note of gentle melancholy the poet had struck at least once before, and in the same dialect, in "Mandalay." But to know what he can do in the idyllic vein and in the English language, listen to the first verse of "L'Envoi" of the earlier book of ballads.

"There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing:—'Over there, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,
And your English summer's done.'
You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long! how long?
Pull out on the trail again!"

We are here very far away from the brass band of the "Barrack-Room Ballads." Undoubtedly the note of these three things is not Mr. Kipling's prevailing note, though the impulse or necessity of wandering which they all three illustrate is a frequent theme of his and is again taken up very prettily in the "Sestina of the Tramp Royal" and very powerfully in the "Song of the Dead," which is one of the canticles in the "Song of the English."

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It is not "as a model" that the poet takes the songs of the common people, but as a point of departure. He might apply to his own work in the form of the songs of the people what he assigns to the banjo, the "war drum of the White Man round the world";—

> "And the tunes that mean so much to you alone—
> Common tunes that make you choke and blow your nose,
> Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the groan—
> I can rip your very heartstrings out with those."

The "Barrack-Room Ballads" and the chanteys are the real songs of the army and the sea, plus only poetry,—a considerable addition! I say the chanteys, but there is really only one, for the so-called chanteys, "First" and "Last," in "The Seven Seas" are poems about chanteys. But the "L'Envoi" to "Many Inventions," reprinted here, is really the vernacular chantey distilled and poetized. Like the best of the soldier songs, it is what the inept singer of the real chantey would like to sing. The ineptitude of the real sailor to sea-songs is set forth in "The Last Chantey" in one of the poet's huge and happy temerities:

> "Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
> Plucking at their harps, *and they plucked unhandily.*"

There are many beautiful things in these volumes, especially in this later volume, but beautiful is not the epithet any one would think of bestowing first of all upon the body of Mr. Kipling's verse. We praise it rather for being strong and true. We may praise it for fulfilling perfectly Milton's characterization of poetry, for is there any verse more "simple, sensuous, and passionate"? The terrible truthfulness of "Gentlemen-Rankers" in the older volume or of "Mary, Pity Women" and "The Mary Gloster" in the newer is raised to the poetic level by intensity of feeling, "'rapt into true passion of melody." Compare "The Mary Gloster" with what in form and indeed in motive it much resembles, Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," and see whether the picture of the dying "self-made man" is less vivid or less poetic than that of the dying yeoman.

Nobody needs to be told that Mr. Kipling's "True Romance," to which he here dedicates a poem, is not of the opera-kind, and that it cannot subsist without reality, and is indeed the essence of reality. To him the nineteenth century is "the age of chivalry" and the "age of poetry," if there ever were any. Only *caret sacro vate.* I do not mean that Mr. Kipling has any intention of posing as its sacred poet, but he perceives and proclaims the want of him. "The King" is an

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express proclamation to that effect, and another is made in these lines from "McAndrews' Hymn," of which indeed the whole burden is that announcement—

> "That minds me of our Viscount loon—Sir Kenneth's kin—the chap
> Wi' russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap.
> I showed him round last week, o'er all—an' at the last says he:
> 'Mister McAndrews, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?'
> Damned ijjit! I 'd been doon that morn to see what ailed the throws,
> Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches from my nose.
> Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
> Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?
> I 'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an' doves they dream—
> Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!"

The truth and the power of this are manifest, even if we are not yet prepared to admit "coupler-flanges" and "spindle guides" and "plummer-blocks," suitable as they are in the dialect of a Scotch engineer, to an equal place in the poetical dictionary with the established top-gallants and halyards and backstays. It is indeed in a nautical metaphor, "The Three Decker," that Mr. Kipling makes the most explicit setting forth of his views on the old-fashioned romance. This parable may well depress the thoughtful and earnest writers who have been for the last decade or more setting forth their views on "Romance and Realism in Fiction." After these twelve stanzas, what more is there left to say?

"To think in images" is called the distinction of a poet. To reduce a cloudy abstraction to a concrete expression, to sum up a vast miscellany of facts into a striking and memorable symbol, is the sign of poetical power that Mr. Kipling shows us in a high and rare degree. Even more by this than by the daring felicities and vivid picturesqueness of his expression in detail is he a poet. "The Three Decker" is one exemplification of the power of poetic generalization, or of poetic specification. "The American" is even more remarkable. The Chicago strike is scarcely a sufficient text for such a generalization. Moreover, the parody of Emerson's "Brahma," with which the poem begins, is a rather clumsy parody. But the poem is a portrait, as the candid among us must own. It is not less a portrait because the painter, on his own showing, is not a bad American himself. His own temerities are often of the kind he imputes to us ("Mulholland's Contract" would not be out of place in Col. Hay's "Pike County Ballads," nor would that astounding presentation of the sailor-men with the golden harps). The likeness is highly charged but it is not a cari-

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cature, and it should be useful for reproof and edification. Certainly this should induce reflection:

"The cynic devil in his blood
That bids him mock his hurrying soul;

"That checks him foolish hot and fond,
That chuckles through his deepest ire,
That gilds the slough of his despond
But dims the goal of his desire."

But this detachment of a national type, remarkable as it is, is casual and isolated, and from the main purpose of the poems. That purpose is to celebrate the British Empire, and, for the purpose of celebrating it, to present it in a concrete and conceivable form. There is a society in London, ramifying throughout the British world, and devoted to "Imperial Federation," which comprises a number of august personages; but it may be doubted whether it has achieved anything like so much for its purpose as the poems of Rudyard Kipling. He began to labor at it long ago in "The Widow at Windsor" in the Atkins dialect, and he made a more express contribution to it in "The English Flag," which begins with a rebuke of English insularity.

"And what should they know of England who only England know?—"

In this volume he returns to it again and again, so that nearly half the contents of "The Seven Seas," as well as the title, are devoted to it—nearly half the contents in space, and perhaps more than half the contents in poetical value. "The Merchantmen" and "The Liner She's a Lady," and "The Flowers," and the "Song of the Banjo" are as much poems of the British Empire as "A Song of the English" and "The Native Born." Indeed, the ending of "The Flowers" is as distinct an appeal for "Imperial Federation" as the volume contains:

"Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas.
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand!"

The "Song of the English" begins with an invocation of the same kind; "a prologue to the swelling act of the Imperial theme":

"Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—
A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing worth.
Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the earth!"

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The "broken interludes" are in truth celebrations of the objects that denote Britannia's rule of the waves,—which by a happy perversion the poet describes as "admiralty,"—"The Coastwise Lights," "The Deep Sea Cables," "The Song of the Dead," "The Song of the Sons," "The Song of the Cities," that ring the world from Bombay to Halifax. "The Native Born" belongs to the same series and is its fitting epilogue. The patriotism of other people is not in itself alluring, but the insular patriotism of Englishmen is disparaged by Mr. Kipling as a cockney sentiment, and in "The Native Born" he presents the island as but the ganglionic centre of the system. As he says it, in a series of apt and striking images:

> "To the hearth of our people's people—
> To her well-ploughed windy sea,
> To the hush of our dread high-altars
> Where the Abbey makes us We;
> To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
> To the gain that is yours and mine—
> To the Bank of the Open Credit,
> To the Power-house of the Line!"

We can scarcely describe as chauvinism a chauvinism which extends over the globe. There is something very big in the sentiment to which Mr. Kipling has first given expression. Certainly there is something very big in the expression, but it is more than big; it is an expression of high poetical power. It seems that our professor who "disposed of himself" by naming Mr. Kipling as his second choice for the laureateship of England may take heart again upon the appearance of "The Seven Seas." The author of that volume is the unchallenged laureate of Greater Britain, and has won his place among the English poets.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

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SOME PRACTICAL LESSONS OF THE RECENT CAMPAIGN.

EVERY man who thinks to any purpose on public affairs must see that our country has escaped a great peril, the greatest perhaps that it has encountered thus far; the second of a series,—the "Greenback craze" being the first.

Decisive as the victory is, it is after all a somewhat more narrow escape than many wished and than some expected; yet it may well be that this less triumphant vindication of right reason brings blessings of its own. It is easily conceivable that a more sweeping victory over the Chicago candidate and platform might have led to over-confidence, easy-going optimism, and neglect to provide adequately for the future; and that instead of an evolution of right reason there might have finally resulted reaction and revolution. As it is there is increased reason for high hope and strenuous endeavor. Once more the American people have redeemed their character and vindicated their theory of government. Once more they stand before the world as fit for free institutions; as they did when they grappled first with slavery, next with disunion, and next with the national debt.

But this new victory brings new duties. Upon leaders it enforces faith in justice and right reason, with more courage in upholding this faith. Never has it been more clearly shown that an intelligent democracy does not in any great crisis look for the final and decisive word to mere tonguey demagogues, but that it seeks real leaders.

Among the many lessons taught by the recent contest I shall, then, emphasize mainly this one,—the need of leadership and some ways of securing it.

And first, of leadership among the great body of citizens. To say nothing at present of Republicans we find the most striking object-lesson as regards this need in the Democratic party. If we look at the writings of Jefferson and the men best known in the party down to the development of secession doctrines we find everywhere evidences that their leadership was something very real and effective. Their correspondence shows them constantly discussing political doctrines and

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policies with each other, and having thus satisfied themselves as to what was right and advisable they promulgated it among the people.

In the recent campaign these earlier leaders have as their worthy successors in journalism and in public life a long list of publicists and statesmen who have shown themselves, by fearlessness in defence of Democratic principles, worthy of the best period of their party. These did not wait to find out what grotesque conclusions in political economy or in social science had been reached by this demagogue or that clique, but they showed themselves statesmen: and they gave the main proof of statesmanship—they *led*. Casting to the winds all low prudence they broke from the Chicago platform makers and marshalled a movement—all the more honorable because sure of defeat. Thereby they have added a noble chapter to the history of their country, and, if any salvation be possible to the old Democratic party, they have saved it. Contrast with this the flabby utterance and sickly attitude of men entrusted with high office who allowed anti-Democratic and anti-social doctrines to develop rankly in their respective States, who made no effective effort to withstand ideas which they must have loathed, and who finally abdicated the leadership which the party had assigned to them, turned it over to the Tillmans, Altgelds, Waites, Peffers, Stewarts, and to Mrs. Lease, and submitted to their bidding. No more pitiful sight has been seen in political history, and the future historian will award a most unenviable place to the men who, having thus allowed the foe to steal upon them, surrendered their positions at the first onslaught and finally went over to the enemy.

One grand exception has redeemed Southern statesmanship—the course of Mr. Carlisle. From the beginning of the recent contest he has been a leader. At an earlier period, before responsibility and a close examination of the great questions at issue had settled his convictions, he had perhaps wavered, but now there was no uncertain sound. His speech to the workingmen of Chicago set the true keynote of the campaign in its economical aspect. Calm, clear, convincing, weighty, that was great; but something far greater followed. His campaign in Kentucky, in which he braved the hostility of old friends, wild abuse, and even personal insult, is one of the nobler things in American history. The greatest man of his great commonwealth since Henry Clay, he has restored Kentucky to her proud position of old;—as a State toward which the Union may look for counsel and leadership. Compare his position before the country, before the world at large, before history, with that of the vast majority of

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Southern men in high office, and especially of the Senator from his State whom the recent result leaves so utterly discredited.

Several years ago, visiting the House of Representatives and sitting at the side of one of the strongest Republicans in that body—a man who has since represented the State of New York in the national Senate—I asked him what he thought of Mr. Carlisle, at that time Speaker of the House. His answer greatly impressed me. It was simply this: "As you know, he is a life-long Democrat from the South, I a life-long Republican from the North. Politically he is opposed to me at every point, and yet by the utmost stretch of my imagination I cannot imagine him as doing anything unjust or in any way violating his real convictions." This judgment recent events have verified.

A great lesson, then, in this campaign is afforded by the contrast between Mr. Carlisle and other men who ought to have been the leaders of Southern Democracy but were not. Had Mr. Mills in Texas shown anything like Mr. Carlisle's faith in truth, he would have gained not only a national but a world-wide reputation; had Mr. Morgan in Alabama possessed Mr. Carlisle's courage, he would have risen to the reputation which he was once expected to attain; could Mr. Daniel of Virginia have shown but a tithe of that courage, taking the lead in that grand old commonwealth which only needed such direction to have brought her into a leading place among the States standing for real democracy, his place in history would have been far different.

While such is the main lesson as regards leadership in the country at large, there is a lesson of no less importance as to leadership in the national councils.

Never since the civil war has there been an Administration or a Congress called to more severe thought and earnest work. The problems are vast and complicated. What is demanded is not declamation but statesmanship—the statesmanship which shall devise measures to remedy real evils, to explode imaginary evils and to restore prosperity. We need a larger number of quiet, strong, thoughtful men to open paths for the energy of our people and a smaller number of declaimers to delight the galleries; more men like Governor Dingley, fewer men like Mr. Bryan. We want men in support of the new Administration, who, when Mr. McKinley, Mr. Reed, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Allison, and Mr. Dingley lead, shall be wise enough and strong enough to act effectively with them.

The metropolitan press, which has almost universally rendered noble

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service in the recent contest, may continue that service and gain a new hold upon the people by henceforth giving less prominence to Congressional oratory and more to real leadership and effective public service. Let these journals give us, not "The Profound Logical Reasoning" of the Hon. Mr. A. on some vanishing point in political metaphysics; not "The Greatest Effort of His Life" by the Hon. Mr. D. in his diatribe against the Administration regarding a post-office; but let us have the best arguments and the best work of men who show themselves real leaders in solving the problems now confronting us.

There is ample opportunity here for leadership in many directions. The great leaders above named will need strong men to coöperate with them. Leadership in the devising of an effective financial and industrial policy is naturally the first demand, but there is another great work to be done. Much of the outcry regarding the encroachments of corporations, trusts, and monopolies is doubtless unjust and "for buncombe"; but no one can doubt the necessity of wise and vigorous regulation of these combinations. Leaders are wanted in Congress, not to set the key-note for new howls at all men engaged in great industrial enterprises, but to pave the way for such enterprises and to devise wise and just measures for controlling them. Four years hence the leaders on the stump must be able to show not only that the new Administration has promoted prosperity but that it has done so within the limits of justice.

Much has been said, and justly said, during the recent campaign, to expose the cant that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer; that poor men's sons are robbed of their chances; that our leading statesmen in Congress have for years past been devoting their main energies to committing a series of monstrous crimes against the men of small means; that capitalists are enemies of the human race; and it has been amply demonstrated that the position of the farmer and workingman is better in this than in any other country. But it may be a costly mistake to suppose that this is enough. Men "hunger and thirst after righteousness,"—which is *rightness*. Leaders are needed to introduce more and more justice into legislation, to make law more and more the evident incarnation of right, and to teach the people what right and justice are. Mere prosperity fails to satisfy; it must be prosperity with justice. Men can bear poverty, but not poverty which they believe the result of injustice.

It used to be supposed, especially by those who had read Arthur Young's "Travels in France," or even Alison's "History," that the fearful

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excesses, atrocities, ruin, and despotism of the French Revolution had their origin in the fact that the French peasantry were poverty-stricken above all others. To any man who has arrived at this old stock conclusion of ill-read historians there comes a great awakening when he reads Goethe's account of the French peasantry as he found them. Goethe was in the invading German army and he tells us that on arriving on French soil he was surprised to find evidences of much more comfort and prosperity among the French peasantry than he had known among the German tillers of the soil. De Tocqueville has shown that the French agriculturists as a whole were, at the beginning of the Revolution, more prosperous than they had been for a long time previously, and that this better condition was one important cause of their terrific uprising. In other countries those who tilled the soil were so thoroughly crushed and besotted that they could only lie quiet beneath the encroachments of justice. In France the mere fact that the rural population were better off than other peasants were, or than they themselves had formerly been, was one of the main reasons for their insurrection. The deepest cause of the French Revolution among the tillers of the soil was not their poverty but their wide-spread sense of injustice. The vague sense of injustice, wrong-headed as most of it is, has been the most troublesome thing that the advocates of right reason have had to meet during the recent campaign. It was the chief string on which our mob orators played their variations. In future the first thing necessary is to make every effort that legislation be just, and the next thing is that leaders and the press show the people how and why it is just. This will interest the people far more than accounts of what Senator A. eats, what Representative B. drinks, and what the wives of cabinet ministers wear.

But leadership is needed not only in general political effort but in administrative work and in continuing the "campaign of education." This "campaign," of which we have heard so much, is to go on, and out of many means of continuing it I will here mention one.

No thinking man can have failed to notice that the recent victory was given us by the States in which education is best developed and most widely diffused. Every proper measure should be taken to spread and strengthen this popular education which has thus so signally justified its existence. Four years may thus add to the grand phalanx favoring sound money and good government at least such States as Virginia, Georgia, Missouri, Tennessee, Nebraska, and Washington. For this progress in public education, as given in the public

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schools, we must mainly rely upon the people at large acting through their legislatures; but for another part of this progress, which is especially important because nearer the centres and sources of educational thought, we must largely rely on men who unite patriotism with wealth.

Never in the history of mankind have there been such admirable examples of the patriotic use of great fortunes as in our own country. A long line of our most prosperous fellow-citizens have clearly seen that while in Great Britain and various other countries rich men may found families to carry the family name down through many generations, this in our country is impossible, and that a legitimate ambition to be borne in honorable remembrance after death can be satisfied only by doing something for the public good. The opportunities for thus rendering public service are so vast that there is no space for giving anything like a complete list of them in a single article; but one thing should be borne in mind by all rich men, and this is that revolution can be prevented only by evolution,—the evolution of right reason in obedience to the best knowledge and thought thus far attained by men. Out of the multitude of agencies which should be immediately strengthened in the interest of this evolution of forces which shall keep this republic in the right path, I therefore confine myself to one—that of our leading institutions for advanced instruction.

Never was there a time when our great universities and colleges were exercising so strong and healthful an influence upon the country, and especially upon public life, as now. In the middle years of this century a comparatively small proportion of the men entering public service came from these institutions; now the proportion is much greater and it is steadily increasing. In those years two or three hundred students constituted a very large institution of learning; now several of our universities have ten times these numbers, and each year sees an ever increasing body of active-minded young men seeking their advantages. In the contest just ended they have done nobly. Their faculties almost unanimously and their students by vast majorities have been on the side of right reason and well regulated liberty. Among hardly any other bodies of men has there been such earnest unanimity. These, then, are fortresses to be strengthened.

Twenty years ago I urged the necessity of creating departments of history and political and social science in all such institutions in order to fit young men for public life in general and especially to enable them to grapple with the more and more complicated social and political

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problems rising before us.[1] By several of our universities this has been done, and every close observer must have noticed, during the recent struggle, that with hardly an exception every such institution has been a centre of the best influences; that from each has radiated light upon the great questions at issue, and that from their training have gone forth men who as a rule have done admirable work through the press and upon the platform.

Here is a hint to men who are both rich and patriotic. Our leading colleges and universities should be strengthened more and more as fortresses against future outbursts of demagoguism and Jack-Cadeism. Such institutions as the University of Virginia, that of North Carolina, and Tulane University, in the South, and a multitude of universities in our Northern States might well be thus strengthened. New departments of history, of economical, political, and social science, of comparative legislation, and of international law should be created, and old ones strengthened. There are endowments possible to all fortunes. Professorships, lectureships, fellowships, scholarships, travelling bachelorships, and funds for buying books should be established or increased: thus shall future leaders be supplied and equipped—leaders in public life and in the press to marshal and guide the forces of right reason in the future developments of the present struggle and in other struggles. And not only this: from such central institutions sound doctrine will filter down through various channels into the popular mind. The clergy, teachers, and broad-minded men of business will thus be equipped as missionaries of sound ideas, social and political. Not one of our universities, North, South, East, or West, is equipped in this respect as it should be: not one is there that cannot be made, with such aid, far more effective in the present struggle and in other conflicts before us.

Down to a recent period their graduates have been somewhat handicapped. The college-bred man, trained in Greek, Latin, Mathematics, and Metaphysics, has had generally a good training of his mental powers, and thus has often given us valuable public service; but too often such ingenuous youth have been abashed and reduced to silence in the public councils by plain men of business whose training in public affairs has been gained in State legislatures or even in county boards.

[1] This was especially done in my report as Commissioner at the Paris Exposition of 1878 on "Education in History and Political Science, at the European Universities" and in addresses at the Johns Hopkins, Michigan, and Cornell Universities on the general subject of such education.

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The training of our best and brightest young men in political history, comparative legislation, and in the group of studies comprehended under the term "social and political science," promises to be of vast use to our country. Such training is a crying need, not only for the national legislature but for the State, county, city, and village legislatures. Studies in finance, in general administration, in comparative legislation, in international law, in the best methods of public instruction and the most approved dealings with pauperism, insanity, inebriety, crime, and the like,—all these come within the scope of such departments as should be fully established and equipped in our universities and colleges. Let wealthy and patriotic men consider this. How can they better hand down an honorable name to posterity? How can they better serve the country which they love?

The time is coming when, in the increasing complications of public affairs, public men will take more and more the character of experts. In order to deal successfully with most public questions there will be needed the preparation which comes only from thorough acquaintance with the best thinking upon such questions, and from careful study of the best methods and results in our own and other times and in our own and other countries. Such training and knowledge will not supersede practical facility gained in public life itself, but it will fit men for entering public life; just as training in the best methods in law, medicine, or engineering is a preliminary to practical experience in those professions. The critic may say, "This will produce doctrinaires." Even if so, doctrinaires are vastly better than destructives. But there is no real danger of doctrinairism in a country where all theories are so constantly subjected to practical tests as in ours. One of the needs of the country which cannot be too strongly urged is the need of enlisting our best, strongest, and brightest young men in public life. Here is the opportunity for far-sighted men of wealth to promote this enlistment.

Every great republic the world has yet seen has failed. Nearly every one has gone down in blood or in despotism brought on by the clamor of demagogues working upon an unenlightened populace;—exciting their distrust, stimulating their hate, luring their greed, inflating their vanity. An unenlightened democracy is a mere mob, even though it be spread over a whole continent. The first necessity of a great republic is education; an education which shall make much of religion in its higher sense, of morals, of honor, and which shall give the best teachings of history and the wisest conclusions of human

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thought. How does our Republic differ from others that have sunk beneath the waves of demagoguism and despotism? Simply in being the first in which liberty has been largely united with education.

The recent campaign, among its most practical lessons, teaches most clearly that the enlightenment of the citizens is the most important of public duties and the main condition of continued freedom. All should, so far as possible, contribute to that education which extends the area, not of the license urged on by anarchists and the utopias pictured by socialists, but of liberty as developed healthfully and steadily in obedience to the lessons of history and constructive thought.

It must be confessed that during recent years there have been some conduct of rich men and several careers of rich men's sons fit to breed nihilism and anarchy. Many wild doctrines among the poor may be traced back to senseless ostentation among the rich. Glorifications in our press of this woman's "tiara" and that woman's wardrobe; of this young millionaire's genius in driving a four-in-hand and that young millionaire's talent in cooking terrapin; of some Crœsus buying or begging his way into the society of London or Paris; of social or financial infamy condoned by foreign matrimonial alliances;—what wonder that men out of work in tenement houses or struggling with past-due mortgages on the prairies should be led by such examples to look at all property as robbery? Let patriotic men of wealth efface such impressions by continuing the better American traditions; by recognizing the duties as well as claiming the privileges of wealth. To say nothing of great benefactors still living, let such exemplars as Peter Cooper, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Stanford, Peabody, Vassar, Tulane, Stevens, Case, Pratt, Rose, Drexel, and their like be held in honored remembrance. Let a new and greater growth of munificence come in with the approaching growth of prosperity. Thus shall wealth justify its existence: thus shall the outcries against the selfishness of the rich be proved slanderous: thus shall the liberty of our more enlightened States be increased and the foundations of rational liberty be imbedded deeply in the popular gratitude and in the universal sense of justice. No answer to nihilist or anarchist, in the press or upon the platform, is so effective as the mention of Americans who, having gained wealth in developing the great enterprises of their country, have used it largely in promoting the public good. Let this patriotic list be now extended in every field, and especially for the enlightenment of our people and the strengthening of our free institutions.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

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WILL GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE ENDURE?

MANY reasons have been assigned by political writers why government by universal suffrage must fail; but they can all be reduced to one. The institution of property is, so far as experience shows, essential to civilization. Without it progress is scarcely conceivable; and the prosperity of nations varies according to the security which they offer to those who acquire wealth. As Aristotle long ago pointed out, this institution may be imperilled under a democracy. "The many," when they find they have the power, may proceed to divide amongst themselves the possessions of the well-to-do. Demagogues may not formally propose an equal distribution of wealth, nor may the many have that end distinctly in view; but envy and covetousness are powerful passions, and men are not averse to the belief that institutions under which others enjoy much greater wealth than they do are unjust. These are the motives that may lead the people to reject wise leaders and to choose those who offer them, under various disguises, the plunder of the rich. This is the danger of democratic government. If it can be guarded against, government by the people will not perish. Elected rulers may be unwise; but, if they are not commissioned to legislate against property, their follies need be no more permanently mischievous than those of kings and nobles.

Macaulay, in a letter that has become celebrated, warned us of this danger. As he put it, to intrust the supreme authority in a state to the majority of citizens told by the head, was to entrust it to the poorest and most ignorant part of society. He declared his conviction that institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty or civilization, or both. Our fate was certain, although it was deferred by a physical cause. So long as we had a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, our laboring population would be far more at ease than the laboring population of the Old World; and while that was the case the "Jefferson politics" might continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity. The test would come when our lands were all occupied, and when New England was as fully peopled as Old England. In our Manchesters and Birminghams there would assuredly be

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hundreds of thousands of artisans sometimes out of work. "Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators, who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another cannot get a full meal." Our Government would never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority; for with us the majority is the Government, and has the rich, who are always a minority, absolutely at its mercy. We should see on one side "a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith; on the other, a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne, and to ride in a carriage, while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessaries. Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a workingman who hears his children cry for more bread?"

It would be a mistake to suppose that this warning, and similar warnings from other sources, received no consideration. On the contrary, all our great statesmen have had constantly in view the possible shipwreck of our Republic upon this shoal. It was in view from the beginning; and it was because of no blind optimism that patriotic citizens were confident of the future of our country. Webster took delight in marshalling the conditions that were favorable to the stability of the Government. He dwelt upon the strong religious feeling and stern morality of the early settlers of New England; qualities that their descendants might well inherit. He showed that our conditions and laws were favorable to the equal distribution of property, and he exulted in the provisions made by our Government for the "instruction of all youth" at the public expense. These provisions, he declared, were adapted "to excite a feeling of respectability, and a sense of character, by enlarging the capacity and increasing the sphere of intellectual enjoyment." They should "purify the whole moral atmosphere," and create "a security beyond the law, and above the law, in the prevalence of an enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment."

Such considerations as these certainly justified a feeling of confidence in the stability of popular government. No combination of circumstances, as Webster said, more favorable to the experiment could ever be expected to occur; and if the last hopes of mankind rested with us, they were no faint hopes. With equality in the distribution of wealth, and equality in the diffusion of intelligence, with reverence for religion and regard for morality, the talk of the "excesses

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of an unbridled populace," and "the dominion of the rabble," seemed like idle phrases. Moreover our Constitution had been most carefully framed to guard against hasty and violent acts of legislation, and to preserve established rights. No State could pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts, or make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts, or emit bills of credit, or impose duties on commerce. The General Government was an elaborate combination of checks and balances. The House of Representatives was a check upon the Senate, the Senate was a check upon the House of Representatives, the President was a check upon both of them, and the Supreme Court was a check upon all three. The Representatives were to be elected directly by the people; but the Senators and the President were to be chosen by bodies expected to be composed of picked men, and to enjoy long terms of office, while the judges were to be appointed without the action of the people; to be irremovable, and to suffer no reduction of their salaries. To cap the climax, the General Government was declared to possess no powers except those specifically delegated by the Constitution.

No wonder that this Constitution aroused the pride and devotion of our statesmen, and excited the envious admiration of foreign observers. No unwritten constitution, however venerable, could be maintained against the will of the legislature, or authoritatively construed by any other body. No written constitution possessed anything like the buttresses and safeguards that surrounded ours. It recognized the people as the ultimate source of power; but it restrained their action in so many ways as to compel deliberation, compromise, and moderation. Whole fields of legislation were entirely withdrawn from their control: where they were allowed to act, the limits were carefully defined. Instead of being endangered by democracy, the institution of property seemed nowhere in the world so secure as in our country. Free from the apprehension of attack by other governments, free from the dread of oppression by their own, our people devoted themselves to the arts of peace, the cultivation of learning, and the improvement of social life. Our prosperity was great. Even the terrible convulsion of the civil war was believed to have increased the durability of our Government by removing the only grave cause of sectional dissension. As compared with other countries our poor were well-to-do, and our well-to-do were rich. We had much goods laid up for many years and we could eat, drink, and be merry. So wise an observer as Mr. Bryce said, that life in America floated "in a sense of happiness like that of a

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radiant summer morning." Instead of the starving populace imagined by Macaulay he found that our working classes were as well fed, clothed, and lodged as the lower middle class in Europe, our farmers much better, education within the reach of the poorest, "the opportunities for getting on in one way or another so abundant that none need fear any physical ill but disease or the results of his own intemperance." Surely the smooth things of this prophet were more justified than the dismal forebodings of Macaulay.

How came it then that the Convention of the Democratic party at Chicago last summer struck the whole country with deadly terror? Why should a political platform, commonly regarded as meaningless verbiage, have demoralized the exchanges, paralyzed manufactures, and put a stop to business? What reason could be given why the visit of a youthful demagogue, without experience, without distinction, manifestly both ignorant and incapable, should have been awaited in the metropolis as the approach of Alaric was awaited in Rome? The institutions of religion had been greatly multiplied, and the membership in churches showed no decline. "The instruction of all youth" had been extended throughout the whole country; and in many communities not only instruction, but text-books also, and even carriages to convey scholars from their homes to the schools, were furnished at the public expense. Intelligence was diffused everywhere with incredible cheapness by means of the periodical press, and no one could plead as an excuse for political ignorance that the means for informing himself were not placed within his reach. The hundreds of thousands of distressed workmen dreamt of by Macaulay had no existence; for wages were hardly ever so high, food and clothing never so cheap. Our State constitutions had been maintained, and in many cases distinctly improved, by imposing additional restraints upon the action of the legislatures. Our system of "checks and balances" in the National Government was certainly in full working order. The House of Representatives refused to pass laws for coining silver, and in return the Senate refused to assent to tariff legislation. Had the legislative bodies agreed on any silver or tariff measure, the President would have vetoed it. And finally the Supreme Court had shown its supreme power by declaring the income tax unconstitutional. Taking a comprehensive view of the whole situation, it might well seem that property and civilization were never more secure; and the great mass of the people was probably quite unaware that there was any occasion for uneasiness.

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Changes had taken place, however, the effect of which had been foretold by political observers, and forces were in operation which had aroused serious apprehensions. The number of these ominous conditions, when we come to reckon them up, is by no means inconsiderable. No doubt the external institutions of religion have prospered; but it is idle to deny that religious faith has altered, whether the change be called development or decay. The doctrine of eternal damnation for sins committed in this life has been either repudiated or allowed to fade into a harmless platitude. The "angry God," before whom the wicked fled away, is no longer considered the mainstay of morality. Among large classes the belief in a future life has dwindled to a hope, or yielded to an indifferent skepticism. It is impossible to deny that our fathers devoted more time than we do to thinking concerning the Deity: their reflections may have been tinged with superstition and affected by anthropomorphism, but the contemplation of sublime themes certainly tends to elevate morality. No doubt their descendants are more amiable; not concerning themselves much with questions of "foreknowledge, will, and fate, fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," they have more time to give to making themselves comfortable, and, it is fair to add, to making others comfortable. But the "God-fearing" man, the man who swore to his own hurt and changed not, is no longer the common figure that he once was; and a stern spirituality has given place to an easy-going materialism.

This tendency has been enhanced by the enormous immigration which the advantages of this country have drawn to its shores. The descendants of the early settlers have certainly been an active leaven, but the lump has been so large as to exhaust their powers. Adopted children may acquire the customs of their new home, but they cannot inherit the traits of those who were not their ancestors. Much can be said in support of the proposition that the more recent immigrants are as good citizens as the descendants of the earlier settlers. Nevertheless it is true that their traditions are in most cases less elevating, and that they offer little resistance to the materialistic tendencies of the age. The political consequences of these tendencies are obvious. So long as men firmly believed in a future state of rewards and punishments, they could contemplate the present inequalities of fortune with serenity. The poor could feel that their privations in this life would be made up for hereafter, and that wicked millionaires would expiate their present happiness by an eternity of misery. Such consolations as these are no longer efficacious with the multitude. No one dares to

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suggest to them that it is their duty to be content with the lot to which God has called them. They feel that the important thing is to secure happiness in this world, leaving the future to take care of itself. So feeling, they cannot reconcile the prodigious inequalities of wealth which now exist with any theory of justice. These inequalities are no longer attributed to the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, but to defects in human institutions. They could be borne while heaven was a reality, and this world a fleeting show. Now that the reverse is true, it is natural for men to reason that as the distribution of wealth is purely a matter of human institution, it may be made more equitable by appropriate legal measures.

For it cannot be denied that the existence of enormous private fortunes creates grave discontent. It is perhaps not very obvious how the existence of these fortunes decreases the comforts of the poor. No rational scheme has ever been presented for distributing them in such a way that the average wealth of mankind would be appreciably increased; and most of the schemes of division have the palpable defect of annihilating small fortunes in assailing large ones. The incomes of our rich men are, to an amazing extent, devoted to public and private beneficence; and when selfishly expended they are necessarily applied to the support of laborers, or to the purchase of the products of labor. Men are so constituted, however, as to suffer as much from imaginary ills as from real ones. As Aristotle says, it is a mistake to regard starvation as the chief cause of popular discontent: men are discontented when they desire certain things and cannot get them. It is easy to say that a poor man is a fool for worrying over the luxury of the rich, when that luxury is an unavoidable consequence of the constitution of society which gives the poor man such comforts as he possesses. Foolishly or not, men nevertheless do fret themselves because of many ills that are inevitable; nor is this weakness peculiar to any class of mankind. When the particular ill consists in the superiority of others, it is only philosophers that explain this superiority by their own inferiority, or reason that as it is beyond their control it is unworthy of their concern. The ordinary human being forgets his own stupidity, or indolence, or improvidence, or drunkenness, and feels a burning sense of injustice when he sees others enjoying the advantages resulting from the opposite qualities and virtues. Too often he is willing to take measures to diminish the welfare of others, even if he will not thereby increase his own. The gratification of envy affords as real a pleasure as the gratification of hunger;

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and even starving men have been known to burn wheat-stacks and granaries.

No envious man, however, confesses to envy. His animosity is always justified by some alleged delinquency or malfeasance on the part of its object, and those who declaim against the rich invariably maintain that it is because they have gotten wealth by iniquitous methods. In declamation of this kind the newspapers of the baser sort have of recent years been extremely active. The readers of these journals can scarcely fail to be impressed with the idea that millionaires are an infamous set of men, and that the country is controlled by trusts and monopolies. The particular sufferers from these malign influences are not identified; but this is not material. The people are said to suffer; and the people to a great extent undoubtedly believe the assertion. Unfortunately the proceedings of our legislatures, both State and national, have given ground for this belief. Rich men have procured the passage of laws intended to increase their own wealth at the expense of their fellow-citizens. In the case of protective tariffs we must admit that many of those in whose interest they are enacted honestly believe that their own direct profits will indirectly benefit the common people; but it is natural for the common people to reason that if they are to be taxed to enrich a few persons whose wealth will indirectly benefit the public, the process may be reversed. We have had laws intended to increase the returns of capital: let these laws be replaced by taxes on large incomes and inheritances. If the policy of taxing laborers to increase the profits of their employers promotes the welfare of laborers, the policy of taxing employers to increase the wages of laborers will evidently be advantageous to employers.

Curiously enough, in view of the notion that education was a specific remedy for misgovernment, a large number of our professors and preachers have of recent years bestirred themselves vigorously to fan the envious passions of the poor into flame. We need not suppose that the motives of these persons were not benevolent; but their action necessarily encouraged the common people to believe that their condition might be improved by legislation directed against those whose condition was better. This was the mischievous result of the socialistic doctrines of our so-called ethical economists. Regardless of the fundamental principle that the danger of democracy lies in its tendency to over-government, they advocated increased legislative activity and enlarged governmental functions. Instead of showing that, as legislation in favor of one class excites the jealousy of other classes,

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therefore class legislation should be avoided, they suggested the substitution of one favored class for another. Such teaching found ready audience. It plausibly appealed to the sense of the injustice of the present constitution of society latent in every unprosperous human being, and it was only a question of time when the appeal should produce some practical result.

Two of the circumstances operating to preserve our Government, that were relied on by earlier statesmen,—the equal distribution of wealth and the general diffusion of intelligence,—were thus recognized as disappointing by modern observers. The rapid increase in the population of our cities, in connection with other influences, has resulted in the creation of extremes of poverty and wealth as marked as those which prevail in European capitals. The diffusion of intelligence is now understood to be of little conservative value, if not accompanied with a corresponding improvement in morals. Education to be conservative must mean the education of the conscience as well as of the memory and the reason. That the teaching given in our public schools means education in this sense is at least doubtful. But might we not rely on the constitutional safeguards so painfully elaborated by our forefathers? Unfortunately, thoughtful men felt that no clearly affirmative answer could be given to this question. The failure of the Electoral College to accomplish its purpose has been complete. We must smile, ruefully, at Jay's idea that these bodies would be composed of "the most enlightened and respectable citizens," and that they would select "those men only who have become most distinguished by their abilities and virtue." Even more serious, as affecting the composition of the Senate, was the decadence of our State legislatures. Their members have indisputably fallen in character, and no longer represent the intelligence of the community. That they select the wisest and best citizens as Senators is contended by no one.

How was it with the Supreme Court of the United States, the sheet-anchor of the ship of state? Of all the checks upon misgovernment this had been regarded as the strongest and surest; and it is still spoken of as the palladium of our liberties. But, from the evil day of the first legal-tender decisions, thoughtful men had seen that its foundations had been undermined. The constitution and membership of the court were altered by Congress and the President, if not with the deliberate purpose, at least with the foreseen result, of procuring a reversal of judgment on perhaps the greatest Constitutional question that had ever come up for decision. The independence of

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the court was thus seriously impaired. So long as it retained its independence it was believed that none of the fundamental rights of mankind could be materially interfered with, either by the States or by the National Government. Legislators might rage and demagogues imagine vain things, but under the mighty ægis of this court freedom could rest secure. It is hardly speaking too strongly to say that this proceeding changed the nature of our Government. Not only was the issue of the "fiat money" of the civil war declared constitutional, but as a sequel our Government was declared to be not of limited powers, but to possess the absolute authority of the despotisms of other continents. Not only in time of war, but also in peace, Congress has now plenary power to substitute, whenever it chooses, irredeemable paper for silver and gold, and to compel every citizen to accept this substitute in payment of all debts. And as a further sequel the Supreme Court declared that "for protection against abuses by legislatures the people must resort to the polls, not to the courts."

Perhaps not a great many men outside the legal profession fully appreciated the gravity of these events. Even our demagogues did not at first understand what opportunities had been opened for them. But they came to understand it; and, infuriated by the restraint of rioters by judicial action, and by the income-tax decision, they showed that they understood it by the platform adopted at Chicago. What can be done once can be done again, they plainly intimated; and if the judges in office are not subservient, subservient judges can be created. When this declaration of principles was promulgated the scales fell from the eyes of every citizen possessing sufficient intelligence to be conservative. It was revealed to him that his property and his liberties were at the mercy of Congress and the President. The Supreme Court as at present constituted might protect him, but not the Supreme Court as hereafter constituted. A majority of Congress, acting with the President, could create a Supreme Court obedient to their will; and a majority of the people could create a Congress and a President obedient to themselves. "Checks and balances" might hinder the revolution, but their effect would be to enrage the majority and make their action still more violent. Before such reflections as these our feeling of security through constitutional safeguards vanished. The candidate of the Chicago convention, if elected, could and would establish the silver standard on the Fourth of March next, and, if he had a Congress to support him, he would establish a Supreme Court that would ratify any measures of legislation whatsoever.

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For many reasons the combination of malign influences arrayed in support of the Chicago platform was of unprecedented strength. The number of people who believed that the restoration of silver to its former position as standard money was an economic necessity was very large, and their belief was confirmed by the testimony of many writers of greater or less distinction. The number who believed that silver was demonetized by a conspiracy of bankers, and that the measures that had been passed in order to restore it were not enacted in good faith, was unquestionably very great. The effect of these measures had been to alarm investors and to make it difficult to borrow money; thus leading to a contraction of business and a decline in prices. These results, however, were attributed by the believers in the free coinage of silver to the fact that none of the measures adopted ostensibly in favor of silver was really efficacious. They asserted that further experiments must be made; and they used violent language in speaking of those who opposed such experiments. Their violence increased the apprehension of those who had money to lend or capital to invest; and the aggravated stringency and the further decline in prices that resulted made many men desperate, willing to try any experiment, and ready to give credence to the wildest stories of the treachery and rapacity of the "money power." Those who had purchased farms with borrowed money, expecting to be made rich by the increasing value of their lands, found that this value was decreasing, while their debts were undiminished. Those who produced the great staples of export found that the prices for which they were obliged to sell did not repay them for their labor. They were told by one side that these conditions were due to the "lack of confidence," but they were assured on the other hand that they were due to a lack of money; and as the confusion of money with capital is the commonest of errors, the conviction that we were really suffering from a deficiency of currency became widely prevalent. At the same time the embarrassment of the General Government caused by extravagant expenditures and by the purchases of vast quantities of silver by means of promissory notes that had to be redeemed in gold, compelled it to borrow under humiliating circumstances and on hard terms. All these untoward conditions were explicable rationally; but the simplest explanation was to refer them all to the disuse of silver as standard money, and this explanation met with increasing favor.

The course of President Cleveland in maintaining the gold standard thus became extremely odious to most of the leaders of his party, and

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although they were coerced into a grudging support of his policy, they hated him. While they were in power they did not go so far as to rebel against their official leader, but when the elections of 1894 showed the intensity of the popular disgust with the party record, they openly revolted. They might be willing to go against their convictions so long as they had the offices, but if they were to lose the spoils they were unwilling to fight longer for a leader and a cause that they detested. The conservative element in the Democratic party was overwhelmed by a wave of angry discontent; and the fanatical devotees of free silver found themselves in control of the party organization.

The Republican leaders, on the other hand, had been goaded by the demands of the business community into proclaiming that the gold standard must be maintained. Hitherto the believers in silver had been divided between the two parties, both of which had assured them that the cause of silver should be properly recognized. At last the lines were clearly drawn; and it was plain that the sincere devotees of silver must look to the party of Tillman and Altgeld and Bryan for effective legislation in favor of their idol. These devotees were unquestionably very numerous in the Republican party, and it at once became doubtful whether party allegiance would be strong enough to hold them. It was true that many life-long Democrats were repelled by the political theories that prevailed at the Chicago convention, but their number was probably much less than that of the free-silver Republicans. Moreover the spirit of independence of party ties had within the last few years attained a remarkable development. There had been a "tidal-wave" in 1892, bearing the Democratic party into power; there was another in 1894 that swept it out. The ballot laws had been very generally changed, so as to make it difficult to ascertain how the individual voter cast his vote; and the most astute and experienced political managers found themselves baffled in their attempts at discipline and corruption. Doubtless independent voting is a good thing; but it is not so good a thing as intelligent voting. Clearly the violent changes in the popular vote represented no intelligent convictions. Those who voted against high tariffs in 1892 certainly could not consistently vote for the Republican candidates in 1894. They may have been right at one election or the other: they could not have been right at both. It was most reasonable to suppose that their fickleness was due to general discontent; and in that case it seemed very probable that the Chicago programme would be more attractive than the worn-out fallacies of the Protectionists.

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While these uncertainties prevailed, there was no uncertainty whatever as to which side would be supported by the discontented element in society. A poll was taken of the students of Yale College, showing that one in ten would vote for Bryan; but a poll of the inmates of the county jail, at New Haven, according to newspaper report, showed nearly three hundred votes for Bryan to six for his opponent. The report may not be authentic, but the feeling it indicated was known to exist. There was no doubt concerning the sympathies of the tramps and loafers and agitators; the crew whose votes were formerly bought, but who could not be trusted to "stay bought" under the secret ballot. Cicero's description of Catiline's following would apply to a large element among our voters: everyone who was hopelessly in debt, everyone who was penniless, everyone who was ruined, thought that his opportunity had come with Bryan's nomination. Never before had this class been able to act together; this time they could. A kind fate had at last provided them a political organization in complete working order, and made their allies all who adhered to the name of the Democratic party without regard to principle or precedent. By itself this element had been powerless; divided between the parties its components neutralized each other; but with the Democratic organization at its disposal the case was different. Burglary, highway-robbery, larceny, pocket-picking, swindling, cheating, fraud, and dishonesty in general seemed petty ways of acquiring other people's money in the light of the possibility of national repudiation, the suppression of the courts, the imposition of taxes on the rich as a class, and the issue of money by the Government directly to the people. The vagaries of the Populists had been laughed at by substantial citizens; when they were adopted by the candidate of the Democratic party terror seized the whole country. The silver craze by itself might have been resisted; its temporary success even endured. But the creed of free-silver coinage coupled with the doctrines of the Jacobin Club was too novel and startling a combination not to "thick men's blood with cold."

It is needless to recount the measures that were taken by patriotic citizens to overcome this revolutionary combination. Every effort was made to arouse the honest supporters of free-silver coinage to the appalling dangers of the alliance which had been formed, and to bring monetary science and financial history down to the level of popular comprehension. These efforts were successful: in one sense they were magnificently and most encouragingly successful. But were they permanently successful? We may reasonably expect some years of pros-

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perity, during which discontent will decline. Permanent prosperity, however, we cannot reasonably expect. Panics will recur, prices decline, distress prevail among the poor, fury among the debtor class. When the next wave of socialism comes, will it not be stronger than the one that has just been rolled back? We exult in the great majorities against Bryan which were recorded in Chicago and New York and Brooklyn. But when we look at the enormous number of voters that deliberately cast their votes for him, when we reflect that without money, without flags or parades or processions, deserted by their leaders, deprived of effective orators, despised by the intelligence of the community, the humble followers of Bryan mustered 77,000 strong in such a city as Brooklyn, 5,000 more than supported the last Democratic candidate for mayor, we cannot look forward to the future with serene confidence.

Unless some check can be put upon our abuse of government, the peril through which we have just passed will recur. If the conservative party insists on the issue of money by the Government, the radical party will demand the same right. If laws are passed for the profit of the intelligent and wealthy classes, the poor and ignorant will demand laws in their favor. If Congress can impair the obligation of contracts by making government paper a legal tender, it can certainly make silver a legal tender. We may be able to bring a majority of the people at recurring Presidential elections to declare in favor of maintaining the national credit, the inviolability of contracts, and the preservation of property. But we can scarcely endure to have such matters as these subjected to repeated question. Civilization will not survive it. They are not matters that should be debated by the Legislature. They ought never to be disturbed; but so long as we encourage the idea that poverty can be removed by legislation, and that Government is an omnipotent power, capable of removing inequalities of fortune and of enriching its subjects, the multitude will assuredly look to the Government as a savior, and struggle to secure its control. Pensions, protective taxes, silver bounties, and greenbacks may seem desirable things to "respectable" citizens, so long as their party is in power; are they prepared to have the principle of these things carried out by the party of Tillman and Altgeld and Bryan? If not, let them seize the present opportunity to effect reforms that, by limiting the powers of our present rulers, shall restrain the excesses of their possible successors.

DAVID MACGREGOR MEANS.

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THE BREWING OF THE STORM.

WHILE the struggle was going on, a comment on it by an outsider in the American press might have seemed obtrusive. Now that the struggle for the time is over, the impressions of outsiders may interest. Outsiders to this struggle, indeed, in the deepest sense we can none of us be. A mortal crisis in the history of the grand experiment is a mortal crisis in the history of humanity. Nor did this crisis appear much less than mortal. An eminent American wrote me that he regarded it in some respects as more dangerous than that of 1861. In some respects it was so; for a collapse in the character of a nation will always be more dangerous than any shock of violence, even such a shock as secession. No internal convulsion in American history, not even the triumph of Jackson, entirely equals in gravity the capture of one of the two great organizations, into which the nation is divided, by the forces of political and social revolution. After all, there has been a large vote for Bryan.

A new element has entered into American politics. It is the element of which Governor Altgeld is the impersonation. The figures of Mr. Teller and Mr. Tillman and even of Mr. Bryan himself are American, and a European looks to Americans for their interpretation. That of Governor Altgeld is new to the American; familiar to the European eye. It denotes the introduction into American politics of that European spirit of political and social revolution—the desire of social change predominating—of which socialism is the extreme and anarchism is the delirious manifestation. Unlike former agitations, that of Jackson included, this was, in part at least, an attack on the fundamental principles of the American Commonwealth.

Macaulay, whom some on this occasion have credited with prophecy, supposed that the safe working of American institutions depended upon the abundance of land, and that when all the land was taken up the hour of peril to the Republic would arrive. But the land has not yet been all taken up, much less has the limit of its productive capability been reached. Senator Tillman's followers in South Carolina are not in need of land; nor is it lack of land that has called forth the

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large Bryanite vote in California. Farm products have declined in value and price: this was one of the causes of the convulsion; but it is a widely different thing from lack of land. Macaulay, had he looked round him in Europe, might have seen an actual republic in Switzerland, and virtual republics under monarchical forms elsewhere, going on safely enough, though there had long ceased to be any land unoccupied or even not fully improved.

It would have been a nearer approach to prophecy to say that the crisis would come when, a fundamental change having taken place in the character of the community, the institutions should in part have lost their fitness. It was for a community of freehold farmers and small merchants that the institutions were framed. They are now applied to a community embracing, on the one part, a body of great capitalists, employers, and speculators, as well as investors on a large scale; and, on the other part, masses of mechanics, miners, and wage-earners of all kinds. They were framed for Englishmen, or men of kindred character and habits. They are now being applied to an immigration alien to English ideas, and largely imbued with the social acrimony and the revolutionary sentiments of its class in Europe. They were framed for the sober Puritans of New England or for the Planter counterpart of the English squire. They are now applied to the far from politically sober and far from squire-archical West. Mere extension of territory, which railroads practically countervail, would not have been of so much moment. Problems economical and social, of which the Fathers hardly dreamed, have presented themselves, and are committed for their solution at the polls in a dangerous measure to growing masses of ignorance, poverty, and discontent.

Another change has taken place, important in its way, though less perceived. Republican institutions can hardly be said to have been fully tried till the Planter aristocracy had been overthrown. The Planters, though upholders of an evil system, were, in general respects, statesmen and disposed to rule in a statesmanlike way. They are gone; and it is partly as the effect of their withdrawal that the Senate has become, for a time at least, the less conservative House of the two.

Under the written constitution there is a lack of power of adaptation to changed conditions, which, when conditions are greatly changed, becomes a danger. Such a convulsion as the civil war enforced Amendments to the Constitution. But these were the first for sixty years. The difficulty of amendment is such as to amount to immobility, and almost to preclude the possibility of adaptation, even if from

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the angry conflict of parties an initiative of reform sufficiently forecasting and statesmanlike could emerge.

One great political institution happily does not share the immobility. The organs of public opinion march with circumstance. The political press is self-adapting, and, whatever its vices, whatever may be its subserviency to subscribers and advertisers, whatever sinister influences may often be couched behind it, however pestilent may be the breath of its sensational organs, has on the whole rendered and is now rendering indispensable service to the nation. There was no hesitation in its conduct when the flag of repudiation and revolution had been unfurled. With hardly a notable or respectable exception, the American press at once declared itself on the side of the Commonwealth.

Considering the amount and character of the foreign elements, it is wonderful to what an extent they have been assimilated and absorbed. Still there are foreign elements as yet unassimilated to an amount sufficient to constitute a real danger and one unforeseen by the Fathers. There is no need for dwelling on a topic so well-worn. It is said that Kansas, the centre of Populism, is peculiarly native American. But Populism, which has its source in agricultural distress, is not the most formidable ingredient in this caldron. A farmer, after all, owns property, mortgaged though it may be; and though he may wish, if he be dishonest, to scale his debt, he is not a general repudiator, a socialistic confiscator, or an anarchist. He is an American, and would not march far with the socialist or anarchist of Chicago.

That everyone should have a fair start and a free career, do what he could, and get as much as he could for himself, was the principle of the American communities. It worked well so long as every man with two hands and a will to use them could be sure of getting bread enough, with good hope of getting more. That time has passed. There is now a proletariat. There are multitudes who have little hope of rising; too many who cannot be sure of bread. Secretary Gresham, not long before his death, in a conversation with the writer, dwelt in a tone of the deepest anxiety on the increasing number of the unemployed; meaning by the unemployed, not the idle, but those for whom there was no work. The improvement of machinery must always be throwing hands out of employment. Women are displacing men in what once were male occupations; and the trade-unions, whether for good or evil in the long run, create a temporary monopoly of labor. An adjustment will no doubt come. But it is far off; meantime there are suffering and revolt.

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Factory life could hardly fail to be, even in the United States, as it has been in Europe, a seed-plot of industrial and social discontent. The labor is in the last degree mechanical, monotonous, and repulsive. A hand-loom weaver might at least have joy in his completed work. The factory hand, hour after hour, day after day, repeats the same petty operation amidst the din of machinery, perhaps amidst furnace heat and grime. He has no interest except his wages, increase of which fills his thoughts. The congregated masses are inflammable and present materials ready for the agitator, who does not fail to appear and ply the trade by which he lives. It is the fatal tendency of the factory system, and generally of production on the large scale, to draw a sharp line between the master and the workman; and to make that line still sharper is the policy of the labor agitator who discourages in the workman any idea of rising into the master class. The wages of the workman have risen, his condition has improved; but the general result is not contentment: naturally enough, it is rather craving for more. It may be noted, however, that on this occasion employer and employed have marched together in the political processions, and that the vote of the mechanic in the East, so far as we can see, though protected by the secrecy of the ballot, has been cast with that of his employer. The apprehension of latent revolutionary tendencies among the mechanics, which would find expression in the ballot-box, has, in the East at all events, proved in the main unfounded.

The system of education, which is the object of our almost idolatrous attachment, begets a general desire to rise in life: this in fact is its animating idea. An old-fashioned school taught the child that, to use the old-fashioned phrase, happiness lay in doing your duty in the station to which it had pleased God to call you. Our present school practically, if not formally, teaches, in unison with general sentiment, that happiness lies in rising above that station. There can be no doubt that the Commonwealth has profited immensely in material respects by the industrial and commercial ambition, the activity, and the inventiveness thus called into play. But there must be a vent for these forces, a hope for these aspirations. Otherwise education will breed discontent. The vent is no longer so open as it was; the hope is not so general as it was, while the desire is as much stimulated as ever. This again is a source of disturbance wholly distinct from scarcity of land.

It seems doubtful how far socialism has permeated the American masses. Hitherto it has been exotic. Owen brought it from Europe, and, as might have been expected, among people who had plenty of

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bread and were all hopeful of rising, it totally failed. The little communistic societies, such as the Shakers and the Oneida Community, religious rather than social phenomena, have had no influence. A definite plan for the transformation of society on the socialistic principle and the creation of a socialist government can hardly be said to have been propounded in America or elsewhere. Socialism, so far, practically means the legislative appropriation of wealth for the benefit of those who are not wealthy, above all of the wage-earning class. Socialistic sentiment of this kind has no doubt spread in centres of foreign labor and poverty like Chicago. The inequality of conditions is a thrilling theme, while it is very difficult to prove to those whose condition is the worse that inequality is indispensable to progress, and that a dead level of toilers for daily bread would be stagnation. The theories of Mr. Henry George and Mr. Bellamy have probably not taken much hold or even been much understood. But Mr. George is eagerly heard when he proposes the confiscation of property in land, which his readers have sense enough to see is not less guaranteed by the state, or less sacred than property of other kinds. Mr. Bellamy is eagerly heard when he tells the people that they are a team of horses toiling, not for their own bread, but for the luxurious enjoyments of a set of idle passengers lolling on the top of the coach and looking down upon the agonized struggles of the wretched beasts by which it is drawn.

Of anarchism proper it may be hoped there is not much; though at Chicago, as we know, there is some. Anarchism, however, is but socialism in its extreme form. Socialism is the discontent which desires to confiscate and level. Anarchism is the discontent which, in its frenzy of envious rage against wealth and superiorities, pants to destroy.

Monstrous fortunes, the growth of rapid extension and development, have stimulated envy and bred desire of destruction. Less actual harm perhaps has been done by them than might have been expected. Fear has prevented the holders from meddling with politics, and the beneficence of some of them has partly atoned for want of beneficence, even for social offensiveness, in others. But to be social irritants they could not fail.

Municipal corruption would appear now to have been proved by dire experience to be the normal result of elective government in cities; at least in this New World, where the action of the masses is not controlled, as in England it still to some extent is, by the social influence of a governing class. Nor could the contagion fail to extend to the political sphere.

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Rate the political influence of religious belief as low as you will, no one can doubt that it has been a powerful auxiliary of government and law. It has reconciled men to the order of society, notwithstanding its inequalities, as a divine decree, and to endurance here which was to be compensated by happiness hereafter in a realm where Dives and Lazarus would change places. Vague as these impressions may have been they were not ineffective, and are now apparently departing. From the lips of insurgent labor comes in increasing volume the cry that the laborer will no longer be put off with compensation in another world. Nor can it be doubted that social morality generally has been in some degree bound up with religion and is imperilled by the growth of unbelief. A criminal in a prison on the Rhine left on the walls of his cell the following message for his successors:—"I will say a word to you: there is no heaven or hell; when once you are dead there is an end of everything. Therefore, ye scoundrels, grab whatever you can, only do not let yourselves be grabbed. Amen."[1] This gospel is now preached, though less frankly, elsewhere than in prisons on the Rhine. Social morality may be only in a state of transition from a partly theological to a purely scientific basis. But a period of moral transition must be a period of peril, even for the American Republic.

The United States, intellectually united with Europe though physically separated from it by the sea, have not failed to share the general influences of an age of revolution and unrest. The revolutionary spirit has spread to the relations between the sexes and to the family, on which the state has hitherto been founded, and in which, while under parental authority, the child's habits of obedience to law and government are formed. Of the clouds on the horizon perhaps none is darker than the increase of divorce.

Thus in different quarters materials have been gathering for the political and social revolt of the motley hosts of which Messrs. Bryan, Debs, Tillman, Altgeld, and Coxey are the not less motley leaders, and for which the silver craze or rather raid, of which Mr. Bland and Mr. Teller are the leaders, furnished the occasion. In the Pittsburg riots, the Cincinnati riots, the Debs riots, and the anarchist outbreak at Chicago, as well as in socialistic meetings and in the vogue of communistic, levelling, and confiscationist literature, there have been signs of approaching storm. At the critical moment, unfortunately, came the judgment of the Supreme Court against the income tax. The Supreme Court could only declare the law; and not only is it probable that the

[1] "Our Country." By Dr. JOSIAH STRONG. P. 93.

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law was what the Court declared it to be, but it is nearly certain that, could the framers of the Constitution have foreseen the possibility of a class tax lending itself to the spoliation of a minority by a majority, they would have shut that door. Yet, it was most unlucky that, at a moment when revolutionary feeling was excited, there should have been an occasion for that judgment. Nothing in the Chicago platform gave greater or more reasonable offence than the threat levelled against the authority of the Supreme Court. Yet, if we were to deny that the Supreme Court had ever been influenced by partisan or political motives, its decision in favor of the Legal Tender Act would rise up in judgment against us.

In the wrestle of the American Commonwealth with the destructive forces, the sympathies of no enlightened friend of humanity could be doubtful. But, as all political philosophers have said, great insurrections are seldom unprovoked; and it would be idle to deny that in this case there had been provocation, both in the conduct of the party which had almost continuously held power since the civil war, and in the conduct of the plutocracy, both commercial and social.

It is useless at this date to raise the question as to the constitutionality of Protection. Long practice has decided that Protection is constitutional. Yet, surely, no one looking at the Constitution in itself, or considering the spirit in which it was conceived, can think that its framers intended to give the Federal Government the power of encouraging or discouraging special manufactures and trades. With regard to Protection, as with regard to slavery, is seen the remarkable contrast between the mighty power of Webster's intellect and the weakness of his political character. No man ever stated the case more strongly or better against Protectionism; though, when it had gained the victory, which constancy and right principle might have reversed, he lowered his flag on the pretence, in effect, that the scramble having begun, he must get what he could for his own constituency. Yet experience had not then shown, as it has shown since, that the pretence of fostering infant industries would prove a snare; since the infants, when adult, would never forego their advantage, but would form a group of privileged interests, upholding each other's privilege. The scenes which have been degrading the Senate, and giving birth to the popular demand for a new mode of election, were the inevitable outcome of a fiscal policy which taught the trader to look to his influence with the Legislature rather than to the marketable value of his goods. Protectionism and political corruption have

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gone, and can hardly fail to go, hand in hand. That, under the system of Protection, the non-manufacturing West and South must have suffered, may be assumed without statistical proof. The consequences of the policy have been greatly tempered to the United States by the vast extent of the home market; and they have owed their prosperity, not to external Protection, but to internal free trade. On the other hand, the evils of the system have been aggravated by the form of government and the mode in which the tariff is framed. Under the Cabinet system of England there is a responsible Minister of Finance, who frames the budget and is bound to show that it is equitable to all interests and consistent with the requirements of the revenue. In the case of the United States there is no such initiative or controlling authority: the tariff is the resultant of a scramble among conflicting interests, success in which, if Congress is not much belied, sometimes depends, if not on bribery, on influences virtually corrupt. So far as this question is concerned, no disciple of Adam Smith and the great economists can refuse sympathy to the Chicago convention, especially as the name of the Republican candidate was a synonym for extreme Protection.

The South, in former days, felt itself injured by the Protectionism of the North, and in that injury found a supplementary warrant for secession. After the extinction of slavery, it seemed that no line of cleavage remained, and that the danger of secession was at an end forever. But Protectionism has at least assisted in creating another line of cleavage; not so deep, happily, as the first, nor so likely ever to produce secession,—the commercial interests of the East and West being interlaced, and the West having been largely peopled from the East,—yet ugly and not entirely free from danger. It is true that jealousy of Eastern wealth, and of the East as the seat of the capitalist and the creditor while the West is the borrower, may have contributed to the sectional antagonism.

It seems to be truly said also that the paternalism involved in Protection has had its effect in breeding among Populists and socialists a tendency to invoke state aid contrary to the fundamental idea of the American Commonwealth. A manufacturing company which is receiving a dividend of 10 per cent demands, and uses its influence in Congress to obtain, state protection against free competition. How can its members consistently preach individual independence to the Populist who wants the state to provide him with a market for his grain, or to a socialistic mechanic who wants the state to assure him a full wage for

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a reduced day's work? That the state can create prosperity by legislation, is the fallacy against which, when it appears in the guise of Socialism or Populism, Protectionist capital fights, but upon which its own theory is in fact built.

The great financial crisis of three years ago, too, evidently was the liquidation not only of mismanagement but of something worse, especially in the department of railroads, which was the scene of the grand crash. So we were told in the strongest possible language by the American press. How is it possible to upbraid the wretched inmates of a tenement house with their schemes of socialistic plunder, when gigantic fortunes are being made by watering stock, wrecking, cornering, bribing municipal awarders of contracts, and all the other predatory devices the employment of which by high commerce has been revealed. It is true that these are the incidents of a preternaturally rapid development which has stimulated almost to frenzy the passion for growing suddenly rich. It is true also that gambling and fraud are the exceptions, and that American commerce in general is sound. But the effect produced by these scandals upon the mind of the people is that of being ruled commercially by rapacious dishonesty, and the revolt which ensues is natural, however misguided in its aim. Not a few of the people must have been driven from their callings and deprived of their daily bread by the collapse of the vast edifice of fraud. Confiscation of railroads and telegraphs, which is apparently a part of the socialistic programme, would be barefaced robbery, so far as the innocent stockholders are concerned, and would be the signal for a general reign of legislative rapine. But the managers of the roads, or many of them, it must be owned, have surely done their best to provoke confiscation and to justify it in the eyes of the people.

Without going into an economical question so tangled as that of trusts, it may be fairly assumed that some of them, at all events, have afforded color for the outcry against monopoly, and that the process by which they have displaced the small dealer must have been cruel. The loan companies are also said by very impartial observers to have got the farmer unduly into their toils. So long as the borrower goes to the lender, there is safety: when the lender presses his money on the borrower, danger begins. It must be with bated breath, however, that the Popocrats denounce trusts, considering that their allies and chief pecuniary supporters were owners of silver mines, who combined to force their commodity on the nation at double its value. So, when they denounced municipal abuses by city councils, they were bound to remember that they had Tammany in their camp.

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That this was largely an uprising of the poor against the rich, appeared when the Populist Committee refused to accept the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency on the single ground that he was a rich man. At the same convention the belief propagated by Mr. Henry George, that poverty has increased with progress and that all the wealth produced has gone to the capitalist, was intoned in incendiary poetry as well as proclaimed in incendiary prose. Yet the name of Peter Cooper was received with honor. Wealth can no longer rest on a supposed ordinance of the Almighty distributing the lots of men. It can no longer rest on unquestioning belief in natural right. It is called upon to justify its existence on rational grounds. It must make itself felt in beneficence. It must avoid that ostentation of luxury which is galling to the hearts of the poor. It must remain at its post of social duty. If rich Americans in the hour of peril, instead of remaining at their posts of social duty and doing according to their measure what Peter Cooper did, continue to crowd in ever-increasing numbers to the pleasure cities and haunts of Europe, or spend their money at home in selfish luxury and invidious display, a crash will come and ought to come. The French aristocracy before the Revolution left their posts of social duty in the country to live in luxury and frivolity at Versailles. The end was the burning of their *châteaux*. American plutocrats who leave their posts of social duty for the pleasure cities of Europe will have no reason to complain if their *châteaux* some day are burnt. Unfortunately warnings are seldom taken by individuals and almost never by a class, each member of which looks to the other members to begin.

May not sympathy also, to some extent, be claimed by the movement, so far as it is a revolt against European influence and in favor of the complete emancipation of the New World? Any idea of severing the United States commercially from the rest of the nations by means of a separate standard of value would of course be absurd, while the outburst of anti-British feeling by which this aspiration is attended has its ignoble source in false prejudice and outworn tradition. Yet there is something not unwholesome, nor untimely, in the manifestation. To the intellectual influence of Europe the New World must always be indebted. But a certain jealousy of her social influence, as alien to the principles of American civilization, and in that sense corrupting, may be not without its use. Few things in social history are more unlovely or more likely to provoke righteous indignation among the people than the matrimonial alliances of the upstart and sometimes ill-gotten

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wealth of New York with the needy aristocracy of Europe. What must an American workman feel when he sees the products of American labor to the extent of scores of millions sent across the Atlantic to buy nobility for the daughter of a millionaire? The thing is enhanced by the extravagant splendor of the nuptials. Nor are these marriages merely offences against feeling and taste. They are an avowal that American wealth is disloyal to the social principles of the Republic.

In truth there has been so much of late to stir up just feeling among the people against the Legislature, the leaders of commerce, the commercial system generally, and the heads of society, that had Mr. Bryan's movement confined itself to the attack of abuses, instead of assailing national credit and the fundamental principles of the American Commonwealth, one who relied on the essential soundness and the recuperative forces of the Commonwealth might almost have looked with complacency on this insurrection as a tornado which would purify the air. Nothing less than a tornado is likely to reach the consciences of railway wreckers and sugar trusts.

The fears, not unreasonably entertained, of violence and bloodshed, have happily proved unfounded. The campaign of education, or at least of political effort, has done without a breach of the peace what in a European monarchy threatened with revolution might have had to be done by horse, foot, and artillery. This is an improvement and full of hope, especially when we consider the large foreign element in the population. It countervails in some degree such ominous signs of growing lawlessness as the increased number of homicides, the White Cap outrages, and the lynchings. Yet the very existence of the apprehension together with such warnings as the Pittsburg riots and the Debs riots, would seem to suggest that law, liberty, and civilization can hardly be safe without a regular force sufficiently large to be sure of putting down violence and havoc at any given point within twenty-four hours after their outbreak. Regulars are respected by the populace, and would be especially respected by a foreign populace accustomed in its European home to military repression. It is on regulars alone that in restoring order perfect reliance can be placed. The militiaman shares the passions of the local parties. If he is politically hostile to the movement which begets the riot he is apt to fire too soon: if he is at heart in sympathy with the movement he is apt not to fire at all. The regular fires when the word is given.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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PRINCETON IN THE NATION'S SERVICE.

PRINCETON pauses to look back upon her past, not as an old man grown reminiscent, but as a prudent man still in his youth and lusty prime and at the threshold of new tasks, who would remind himself of his origin and lineage, recall the pledges of his youth, and assess as at a turning in his life the duties of his station.

We look back only a little way to our birth; but the brief space is quick with movement and incident enough to crowd a great tract of time. Turn back only one hundred and fifty years, and you are deep within quiet colony times, before the French and Indian War, or thought of separation from England. But a great war is at hand. Influences restrained and local presently spread themselves at large upon the continent, and the whole scene is altered. The brief plot runs with a strange force and haste:—First, a quiet group of peaceful colonies, very placid and commonplace and dull, to all seeming, in their patient working out of a slow development; then, of a sudden, a hot fire of revolution, a quick release of power, as if of forces long pent up, but set free at last in the generous heat of the new day; the mighty processes of a great migration, the vast spaces of a waiting continent filled almost suddenly with hosts bred in the spirit of conquest; a constant making and renewing of governments, a tremendous growth, a perilous expansion. Such days of youth and nation-making must surely count double the slower days of maturity and calculated change, as the spring counts double the sober fruitage of the summer.

Princeton College was founded upon the very eve of the stirring changes which put this drama on the stage,—not to breed politicians, but to give young men such training as, it might be hoped, would fit them handsomely for the pulpit and for the grave duties of citizens and neighbors. A small group of Presbyterian ministers took the initiative in its foundation. They acted without ecclesiastical authority, as if under obligation to society rather than to the church. They had no more vision of what was to come upon the country than their fellow-colonists had; they knew only that the pulpits of the middle and southern colonies lacked properly equipped men and all the

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youth in those parts ready means of access to the higher sort of schooling. They thought the discipline at Yale a little less than liberal, and the training offered as a substitute in some quarters elsewhere a good deal less than thorough. They wanted "a seminary of true religion and good literature" which should be after their own model and among their own people. It was not a sectarian school they wished. They were acting as citizens, not as clergymen, and the charter they obtained said never a word about creed or doctrine; but they gave religion the first place in their programme, which belonged to it of right, and the formation of their college they confided to the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, one of their own number, and a man of such mastery as they could trust.

Their school was first of all merely a little group of students gathered about Mr. Dickinson in Elizabethtown. Its master died the very year his labors began; and it was necessary to induce the Rev. Aaron Burr, one of the trustees, to take the college under his own charge at Newark. It was the charm and power of that memorable young pastor and teacher which carried it forward to a final establishment. Within ten years many friends had been made, substantial sums of money secured, a new and more liberal charter obtained, and a permanent home found at Princeton. And then its second president died, while still in his prime, and the succession was handed on to other leaders of like quality.

It was the men, rather than their measures, as usual, that had made the college vital from the first and put it in a sure way to succeed. The charter was liberal and very broad ideas determined the policy of the young school. There were laymen upon its board of trustees, as well as clergymen—not all Presbyterians, but all lovers of progress and men known in the colony: no one was more thoroughly the friend of the new venture than Governor Belcher, the representative of the crown. But the life of the college was in the men who administered it and spoke in its class-rooms,—a notable line of thinkers and orators. There were not many men more regarded in debate or in counsel in that day than Jonathan Dickinson; and Aaron Burr was such a man as others turn to and follow with an admiration and trust they might be at a loss to explain, so instinctive is it and inevitable—a man with a touch of sweet majesty in his presence, and a grace and spirit in his manner which more than made amends for his small and slender figure; the unmistakable fire of eloquence in him when he spoke and the fine quality of sincerity. Piety seemed with him only a crowning grace.

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For a few brief weeks after Burr was dead Jonathan Edwards, whom all the world knows, was president in his stead; but death came quickly and left the college only his name. Another orator succeeded him, Samuel Davies, brought out of Virginia, famous out of all proportion to his years, you might think, until you heard him speak, and knew the charm, the utterance, and the character that made him great. He, too, was presently taken by the quick way of death, though the college had had him but a little while; and Samuel Finley had presided in his stead, with a wise sagacity and quiet gift of leadership, for all too short a time, and was gone, when John Witherspoon came to reign in the little academic kingdom for twenty-six years. It was by that time the year 1768; Mr. Dickinson had drawn that little group of students about him under the first charter only twenty-one years ago; the college had been firmly seated in Princeton only those twelve years in which it had seen Burr and Edwards and Davies and Finley die, and had found it not a little hard to live so long in the face of its losses and the uneasy movements of the time. It had been brought to Princeton in the very midst of the French and Indian War, when the country was in doubt who should possess the continent. The deep excitement of the Stamp act agitation had come, with all its sinister threats of embroilment and disaffection, while yet it was in its infancy and first effort to live. It was impossible it should obtain proper endowment or any right and equable development in such a season. It ought by every ordinary rule of life to have been quite snuffed out in the thick and troubled air of the time. New Jersey did not, like Virginia and Massachusetts, easily form her purpose in that day of anxious doubt. She was mixed of many warring elements, as New York also was, and suffered a turbulence of spirit that did not very kindly breed "true religion and good literature."

But your thorough Presbyterian is not subject to the ordinary laws of life,—is of too stubborn a fibre, too unrelaxing a purpose, to suffer mere inconvenience to bring defeat. Difficulty bred effort, rather; and Dr. Witherspoon found an institution ready to his hand that had come already in that quickening time to a sort of crude maturity. It was no small proof of its self-possession and self-knowledge that those who watched over it had chosen that very time of crisis to put a man like John Witherspoon at the head of its administration, a man so compounded of statesman and scholar, Calvinist, Scotsman, and orator, that it must ever be a sore puzzle where to place or rank him,—whether among great divines, great teachers, or great statesmen. He

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seems to be all these, and to defy classification, so big is he, so various, so prodigal of gifts. His vitality entered like a tonic into the college, kept it alive in that time of peril,—made it as individual and inextinguishable a force as he himself was, alike in scholarship and in public affairs.

It has never been natural, it has seldom been possible, in this country for learning to seek a place apart and hold aloof from affairs. It is only when society is old, long settled to its ways, confident in habit, and without self-questionings upon any vital point of conduct, that study can effect seclusion and despise the passing interests of the day. America has never yet had a season of leisured quiet in which students could seek a life apart without sharp rigors of conscience, or college instructors easily forget that they were training citizens as well as drilling pupils; and Princeton is not likely to forget that sharp schooling of her youth, when she first learned the lesson of public service. She shall not easily get John Witherspoon out of her constitution.

It was a piece of providential good fortune that brought such a man to Princeton at such a time. He was a man of the sort other men follow and take counsel of gladly, as if they found in him the full expression of what is best in themselves. Not because he was always wise; but because he showed always so fine an ardor for whatever was worth while and of the better part of man's spirit; because he uttered his thought with an inevitable glow of eloquence; because of his irresistible charm and individual power. The lively wit of the man, besides, struck always upon the matter of his thought like a ray of light, compelling men to receive what he said or else seem themselves opaque and laughable. A certain straightforward vigor in his way of saying things gave his style an almost irresistible power of entering into men's convictions. A hearty honesty showed itself in all that he did and won men's allegiance upon the instant. They loved him even when they had the hardihood to disagree with him.

He came to the college in 1768, and ruled it till he died, in 1794. In the very middle of his term as head of the college the Revolution came, to draw men's minds imperatively off from everything but war and politics, and he turned with all the force and frankness of his nature to the public tasks of the great struggle; assisted in the making of a new Constitution for the State; became her spokesman in the Continental Congress; would have pressed her on, if he could, to utter a declaration of independence of her own before the Congress had acted; voted for and signed the great Declaration with hearty good will

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when it came; acted for the country in matters alike of war and of finance; stood forth in the sight of all the people a great advocate and orator, deeming himself forward in the service of God when most engaged in the service of men and of liberty. There were but broken sessions of the college meanwhile. Each army in its turn drove out the little group of students who clung to the place. The college building became now a military hospital and again a barracks for the troops, —for a little while, upon a memorable day in 1777, a sort of stronghold. New Jersey's open counties became for a time the Revolutionary battleground and field of manœuvre. Swept through from end to end by the rush of armies, the State seemed the chief seat of the war, and Princeton a central point of strategy. The dramatic winter of 1776–77 no Princeton man could ever forget, lived he never so long,—that winter which saw a year of despair turned suddenly into a year of hope. In July there had been bonfires and boisterous rejoicings in the college yard and in the village street at the news of the Declaration of Independence,—for, though the rest of the country might doubt and stand timid for a little to see the bold thing done, Dr. Witherspoon's pupils were in spirits to know the fight was to be fought to a finish. Then suddenly the end had seemed to come. Before the year was out Washington was in the place beaten and in full retreat, only three thousand men at his back, abandoned by his generals, deserted by his troops, hardly daring to stop till he had put the unbridged Delaware between himself and his enemy. The British came close at his heels and the town was theirs until Washington came back again, the third day of the new year, early in the morning, and gave his view halloo yonder on the hill, as if he were in the hunting field again. Then there was fighting in the very streets, and cannon planted against the walls of Old North herself. 'T was not likely any Princeton man would forget those days, when the whole face of the war was changed and New Jersey was shaken of the burden of the fighting.

There was almost always something doing at the place when the soldiers were out, for the strenuous Scotsman who had the college at his heart never left it for long at a time, for all he was so intent upon the public business. It was haphazard and piece-meal work, no doubt, but there were the spirit and the resolution of the Revolution itself in what was done—the spirit of Witherspoon. It was not as if some one else had been master. Dr. Witherspoon could have pupils at will. He was so much else besides schoolmaster and preceptor, was so great a figure in the people's eye, went about so like an accepted leader,

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generously lending a great character to a great cause, that he could bid men act and know that they would heed him.

The time, as well as his own genius, enabled him to put a distinctive stamp upon his pupils. There was close contact between master and pupils in that day of beginnings. There were not often more than a hundred students in attendance at the college, and the president, for at any rate half their course, was himself their chief instructor. There were two or three tutors to whom the instruction of the lower classes was intrusted; Mr. Houston was professor of mathematics and natural philosophy and Dr. Smith professor of moral philosophy and divinity, but the president set the pace. It was he who gave range and spirit to the course of study. He lectured upon taste and style, as well as upon abstract questions of philosophy, and upon politics as a science of government and of public duty, as little to be forgotten as religion itself in any well considered plan of life. He had found the college ready to serve such purpose when he came, because of the stamp Burr and Davies and Finley had put upon it. They had, one and all, consciously set themselves to make the college a place where young men's minds should be rendered fit for affairs, for the public ministry of the bench and senate, as well as of the pulpit. It was in Finley's day, but just now gone by, that the college had sent out such men as William Paterson, Luther Martin, and Oliver Ellsworth. Witherspoon but gave quickened life to the old spirit and method of the place where there had been drill from the first in public speech and public spirit.

And the Revolution, when it came, seemed but an object lesson in his scheme of life. It was not simply fighting that was done at Princeton. The little town became for a season the centre of politics, too; once and again the Legislature of the State sat in the college hall, and its revolutionary Council of Safety. Soldiers and public men whose names the war was making known to every man frequented the quiet little place, and racy talk ran high in the jolly tavern where hung the sign of Hudibras. Finally the Federal Congress itself sought the place and filled the college hall with a new scene, sitting a whole season there to do its business,—its president a trustee of the college. A commencement day came which saw both Washington and Witherspoon on the platform together,—the two men, it was said, who could not be matched for striking presence in all the country,—and the young salutatorian turned to the country's leader to say what it was in the hearts of all to utter. The sum of the town's excitement was made up when, upon that notable last day of October, in the year

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1783, news of peace came to that secluded hall, to add a crowning touch of gladness to the gay and brilliant company met to receive with formal welcome the Minister Plenipotentiary but just come from the Netherlands, Washington moving amongst them the hero whom the news enthroned.

It was no single stamp that the college gave its pupils. James Madison, Philip Freneau, Aaron Burr, and Harry Lee had come from it almost at a single birth, between 1771 and 1773—James Madison, the philosophical statesman, subtly compounded of learning and practical sagacity; Philip Freneau, the careless poet and reckless pamphleteer of a party; Aaron Burr, with genius enough to have made him immortal and unschooled passion enough to have made him infamous; "Lighthorse Harry" Lee, a Rupert in battle, a boy in counsel, high-strung, audacious, wilful, lovable, a figure for romance. These men were types of the spirit of which the college was full; the spirit of free individual development which found its perfect expression in the president himself.

It has been said that Mr. Madison's style in writing is like Dr. Witherspoon's, albeit not so apt a weapon for the quick thrust and instant parry; and it is recalled that Madison returned to Princeton after his graduation and lingered yet another year in study with his master. But in fact his style is no more like Witherspoon's than Harry Lee's way of fighting was. No doubt there was the same firmness of touch, the same philosophical breadth, the same range of topic and finished force of argument in Dr. Witherspoon's essays upon public questions that are to be found in Madison's papers in the "Federalist"; but Dr. Witherspoon fought, too, with the same overcoming dash that made men know Harry Lee in the field, albeit with different weapons and upon another arena.

Whatever we may say of these matters, however, one thing is certain: Princeton sent upon the public stage an extraordinary number of men of notable quality in those days; became herself for a time in some visible sort the academic centre of the Revolution, fitted, among the rest, the man in whom the country was one day to recognize the chief author of the Federal Constitution. Princetonians are never tired of telling how many public men graduated from Princeton in Witherspoon's time,—twenty Senators, twenty-three Representatives, thirteen Governors, three Judges of the Supreme Court of the Union; one Vice-President, and a President; all within a space of twenty years, and from a college which seldom had more than a hun-

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dred students. Nine Princeton men sat in the Constitutional Convention of 1787; and, though but six of them were Witherspoon's pupils, there was no other college that had there so many as six, and the redoubtable Doctor might have claimed all nine as his in spirit and capacity. Madison guided the convention through the critical stages of its anxious work, with a tact, a gentle quietness, an art of leading without insisting, ruling without commanding,—an authority, not of tone or emphasis, but of apt suggestion,—such as Dr. Witherspoon could never have exercised. Princeton men fathered both the Virginia plan, which was adopted, and the New Jersey plan, which was rejected; and Princeton men advocated the compromises without which no plan could have won acceptance. The strenuous Scotsman's earnest desire and prayer to God to see a government set over the nation that should last was realized as even he might not have been bold enough to hope. No man had ever better right to rejoice in his pupils.

It would be absurd to pretend that we can distinguish Princeton's touch and method in the Revolution or her distinctive handiwork in the Constitution of the Union. We can show nothing more of historical fact than that her own president took a great place of leadership in that time of change, and became one of the first figures of the age; that the college which he led and to which he gave his spirit contributed more than her share of public men to the making of the nation, outranked her elder rivals in the roll-call of the Constitutional Convention, and seemed for a little a seminary of statesmen rather than a quiet seat of academic learning. What takes our admiration and engages our fancy in looking back to that time is the generous union then established in the college between the life of philosophy and the life of the state.

It moves her sons very deeply to find Princeton to have been from the first what they know her to have been in their own day,—a school of duty. The revolutionary days are gone, and you shall not find upon her rolls another group of names given to public life that can equal her muster in the days of the Revolution and the formation of the Government. But her rolls read since the old days, if you know but a little of the quiet life of scattered neighborhoods, like a roster of trustees, a list of the silent men who carry the honorable burdens of business and of social obligation,—of such names as keep credit and confidence in heart. They suggest a soil full of the old seed, and ready, should the air of the time move shrewdly upon it as in the old days,

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to spring once more into the old harvest. The various, boisterous strength of the young men of affairs who went out with Witherspoon's touch upon them, is obviously not of the average breed of any place, but the special fruitage of an exceptional time. Later generations inevitably reverted to the elder type of Paterson and Ellsworth, the type of sound learning and stout character, without bold impulse added or any uneasy hope to change the world. It has been Princeton's work, in all ordinary seasons, not to change but to strengthen society, to give, not yeast, but bread for the raising.

It is in this wise Princeton has come into our own hands; and to-day we stand as those who would count their force for the future. The men who made Princeton are dead; those who shall keep it and better it still live: they are even ourselves. Shall we not ask ere we go forward, what gave the place its spirit and its air of duty? "We are now men, and must accept in the highest spirit the same transcendent destiny, and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark!"

No one who looks into the life of the Institution shall find it easy to say what gave it its spirit and kept it in its character the generations through; but some things lie obvious to the view in Princeton's case. She had always been a school of religion, and no one of her sons, who has really lived her life, has escaped that steadying touch which has made her a school of duty. Religion, conceive it but liberally enough, is the true salt wherewith to keep both duty and learning sweet against the taint of time and change; and it is a noble thing to have conceived it thus liberally, as Princeton's founders did.

Churches among us, as all the world knows, are free and voluntary societies separated to be nurseries of belief, not suffered to become instruments of rule; and those who serve them can be free citizens, as well as faithful churchmen. The men who founded Princeton were pastors, not ecclesiastics. Their ideal was the service of congregations and communities, not the service of a church. Duty with them was a practical thing, concerned with righteousness in this world, as well as with salvation in the next. There is nothing that gives such pith to public service as religion. A God of truth is no mean prompter to the enlightened service of mankind; and character formed as if in His eye has always a fibre and sanction such as you shall not obtain for the ordinary man from the mild promptings of philosophy.

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This, I cannot doubt, is the reason why Princeton has formed practical men, whom the world could trust to do its daily work like men of honor. There were men in Dr. Witherspoon's day who doubted him the right preceptor for those who sought the ministry of the church, seeing him "as high a son of liberty as any man in America," and turned agitator rather than preacher; and he drew about him, as troubles thickened, young politicians rather than candidates for the pulpit. But it is noteworthy that observing men in far Virginia sent their sons to be with Dr. Witherspoon because they saw intrigue and the taint of infidelity coming upon their own college of William and Mary, Mr. Madison among the rest; and that young Madison went home to read theology with earnest system ere he went out to the tasks of his life. He had no thought of becoming a minister, but his master at Princeton had taken possession of his mind and had enabled him to see what knowledge was profitable.

The world has long thought that it detected in the academic life some lack of sympathy with itself, some disdain of the homely tasks which make the gross globe inhabitable,—not a little proud aloofness and lofty superiority, as if education always softened the hands and alienated the heart. It must be admitted that books are a great relief from the haggling of the market, libraries a very welcome refuge from the strife of commerce. We feel no anxiety about ages that are past; old books draw us pleasantly off from responsibility, remind us nowhere of what there is to do. We can easily hold the service of mankind at arm's length while we read and make scholars of ourselves. But we shall be very uneasy, the while, if the right mandates of religion are let in upon us and made part of our thought. The quiet scholar has his proper breeding, and truth must be searched out and held aloft for men to see for its own sake, by such as will not leave off their sacred task until death takes them away. But not many pupils of a college are to be investigators; they are to be citizens and the world's servants in every field of practical endeavor, and in their instruction the college must use learning as a vehicle of spirit, interpreting literature as the voice of humanity,—must enlighten, guide, and hearten its sons, that it may make men of them. If it give them no vision of the true God, it has given them no certain motive to practise the wise lessons they have learned.

It is noteworthy how often God-fearing men have been forward in those revolutions which have vindicated rights, and how seldom in those which have wrought a work of destruction. There was a spirit

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of practical piety in the revolutionary doctrines which Dr. Witherspoon taught. No man, particularly no young man, who heard him could doubt his cause a righteous cause, or deem religion aught but a prompter in it. Revolution was not to be distinguished from duty in Princeton. Duty becomes the more noble when thus conceived the "stern daughter of the voice of God"; and that voice must ever seem near and in the midst of life if it be made to sound dominant from the first in all thought of men and the world. It has not been by accident, therefore, that Princeton men have been inclined to public life. A strong sense of duty is a fretful thing in confinement, and will not easily consent to be kept at home cooped up within a narrow round. The university in our day is no longer inclined to stand aloof from the practical world, and, surely, it ought never to have had the disposition to do so. It is the business of a university to impart to the rank and file of the men whom it trains the right thought of the world, the thought which it has tested and established, the principles which have stood through the seasons and become at length a part of the immemorial wisdom of the race. The object of education is not merely to draw out the powers of the individual mind; it is rather its object to draw all minds to a proper adjustment to the physical and social world in which they are to have their life and their development: to enlighten, strengthen, and make fit. The business of the world is not individual success, but its own betterment, strengthening, and growth in spiritual insight. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" is its right prayer and aspiration.

It was not a work of destruction which Princeton helped forward even in that day of storm which came at the Revolution, but a work of preservation. The American Revolution wrought, indeed, a radical work of change in the world; it created a new nation and a new polity; but it was a work of conservation after all, as fundamentally conservative as the revolution of 1688 or the extortion of Magna Charta. A change of allegiance and the erection of a new nation in the West were its inevitable results, but not its objects. Its object was the preservation of a body of liberties, to keep the natural course of English development in America clear of impediment. It was meant, not in rebellion, but in self-defence. If it brought change, it was the change of maturity, the fulfilment of destiny, the appropriate fruitage of wholesome and steady growth. It was part of English liberty that America should be free. The thought of our Revolution was as quick and vital in the minds of Chatham and of Burke as in the minds of

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Otis and Henry and Washington. There is nothing so conservative of life as growth; when that stops, decay sets in and the end comes on apace. Progress is life, for the body politic as for the body natural. To stand still is to court death.

Here, then, if you will but look, you have the law of conservatism disclosed: it is a law of progress. But not all change is progress, not all growth is the manifestation of life. Let one part of the body be in haste to outgrow the rest and you have malignant disease, the threat of death. The growth that is a manifestation of life is equable, draws its springs gently out of the old fountains of strength, builds upon old tissue, covets the old airs that have blown upon it time out of mind in the past. Colleges ought surely to be the best nurseries of such life, the best schools of the progress which conserves. Unschooled men have only their habits to remind them of the past, only their desires and their instinctive judgments of what is right to guide them into the future: the college should serve the State as its organ of recollection, its seat of vital memory. It should give the country men who know the probabilities of failure and success, who can separate the tendencies which are permanent from the tendencies which are of the moment merely, who can distinguish promises from threats, knowing the life men have lived, the hopes they have tested, and the principles they have proved.

This college gave the country at least a handful of such men, in its infancy, and its president for leader. The blood of John Knox ran in Witherspoon's veins. The great drift and movement of English liberty, from Magna Charta down, was in all his teachings; his pupils knew as well as Burke did that to argue the Americans out of their liberties would be to falsify their pedigree. "In order to prove that the Americans have no right to their liberties," Burke cried, "we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims which preserve the whole spirit of our own"; the very antiquarians of the law stood ready with their proof that the colonies could not be taxed by Parliament. This Revolution, at any rate, was a keeping of faith with the past. To stand for it was to be like Hampden, a champion of law though he withstood the king. It was to emulate the example of the very men who had founded the government then for a little while grown so tyrannous and forgetful of its great traditions. This was the compulsion of life, not of passion, and college halls were a better school of revolution than colonial assemblies.

Provided, of course, they were guided by such a spirit as Wither-

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spoon's. Nothing is easier than to falsify the past; lifeless instruction will do it. If you rob it of vitality, stiffen it with pedantry, sophisticate it with argument, chill it with unsympathetic comment, you render it as dead as any academic exercise. The safest way in all ordinary seasons is to let it speak for itself; resort to its records, listen to its poets and to its masters in the humbler art of prose. Your real and proper object, after all, is not to expound, but to realize it, consort with it, and make your spirit kin with it, so that you may never shake the sense of obligation off. In short, I believe that the catholic study of the world's literature as a record of spirit is the right preparation for leadership in the world's affairs, if you undertake it like a man and not like a pedant.

Age is marked in the case of every people, just as it is marked in the case of every work of art, into which enters the example of the masters, the taste of long generations of men, the thought that has matured, the achievement that has come with assurance. The child's crude drawing shares the primitive youth of the first hieroglyphics; but a little reading, a few lessons from some modern master, a little time in the Old World's galleries set the lad forward a thousand years and more, make his drawings as old as art itself. The art of thinking is as old, and it is the university's function to impart it in all its length: the stiff and difficult stuffs of fact and experience, of prejudice and affection, in which the hard art is to work its will, and the long and tedious combinations of cause and effect out of which it is to build up its results. How else would you avoid a ceaseless round of error? The world's memory must be kept alive, or we shall never see an end of its old mistakes. We are in danger of losing our identity and becoming infantile in every generation. That is the real menace under which we cower everywhere in this age of change. The Old World trembles to see its proletariat in the saddle; we stand dismayed to find ourselves growing no older, always as young as the information of our most numerous voters. The danger does not lie in the fact that the masses whom we have enfranchised seek to work any iniquity upon us, for their aim, take it in the large, is to make a righteous polity. The peril lies in this, that the past is discredited among them, because they played no choosing part in it. It was their enemy, they say, and they will not learn of it. They wish to break with it forever; its lessons are tainted to their taste.

In America, especially, we run perpetually this risk of newness. Righteously enough, it is in part a consequence of boasting. To en-

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hance our credit for originality, we boasted for long that our institutions were one and all our own inventions, and the pleasing error was so got into the common air by persistent discharges of oratory, that every man's atmosphere became surcharged with it, and it seems now quite too late to dislodge it. Three thousand miles of sea, moreover, roll between us and the elder past of the world. We are isolated here. We cannot see other nations in detail, and looked at in the large they do not seem like ourselves. Our problems, we say, are our own, and we will take our own way of solving them. Nothing seems audacious among us, for our case seems to us to stand singular and without parallel. We run in a free field, without recollection of failure, without heed of example.

This danger is nearer to us now than it was in the days of armed revolution. The men whom Madison led in the making of the Constitution were men who regarded the past. They had flung off from the mother country, not to get a new liberty but to preserve an old, not to break a Constitution but to keep it. It was the glory of the Convention of 1787 that it made choice in the framing of the government of principles which Englishmen everywhere had tested, and of an organization of which in every part Americans themselves had somewhere made trial. In every essential part they built out of old stuffs whose grain and fibre they knew.

> "'T is not in battles that from youth we train
> The Governor who must be wise and good,
> And temper with the sternness of the brain
> Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
> Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
> Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
> Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
> Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
> By which true sway doth mount; this is the stalk
> True power doth grow on; and her rights are these."

The men who framed the government were not radicals. They trimmed old growths, and were not forgetful of the old principles of husbandry.

It is plain that it is the duty of an institution of learning set in the midst of a free population and amidst signs of social change, not merely to implant a sense of duty, but to illuminate duty by every lesson that can be drawn out of the past. It is not a dogmatic process. I know of no book in which the lessons of the past are set down. I do not know of any man whom the world could trust to write such a book. But it somehow comes about that the man who has travelled in

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the realms of thought brings lessons home with him which make him grave and wise beyond his fellows, and thoughtful with the thoughtfulness of a true man of the world.

He is not a true man of the world who knows only the present fashions of it. In good breeding there is always the fine savor of generations of gentlemen, a tradition of courtesy, the perfect knowledge of long practice. The world of affairs is so old no man can know it who knows only that little last segment of it which we call the present. We have a special name for the man who observes only the present fashions of the world, and it is a less honorable name than that which we use to designate the grave and thoughtful gentlemen who keep so steadily to the practices that have made the world wise and at ease these hundreds of years. We cannot pretend to have formed the world, and we are not destined to reform it. We cannot even mend it and set it forward by the reasonable measure of a single generation's work if we forget the old processes or lose our mastery over them. We should have scant capital to trade on were we to throw away the wisdom we have inherited and seek our fortunes with the slender stock we have ourselves accumulated. This, it seems to me, is the real, the prevalent argument for holding every man we can to the intimate study of the ancient classics. Latin and Greek, no doubt, have a grammatical and syntactical habit which challenges the mind that would master it to a severer exercise of analytical power than the easy-going synthesis of any modern tongue demands; but substitutes in kind may be found for that drill. What you cannot find a substitute for is the classics as literature; and there can be no first-hand contact with that literature if you will not master the grammar and the syntax which convey its subtle power. Your enlightenment depends on the company you keep. You do not know the world until you know the men who have possessed it and tried its ways before ever you were given your brief run upon it. And there is no sanity comparable with that which is schooled in the thoughts that will keep. It is such a schooling that we get from the world's literature. The books have disappeared which were not genuine,—which spoke things which, if they were worth saying at all, were not worth hearing more than once, as well as the books which spoke permanent things clumsily and without the gift of interpretation. The kind air which blows from age to age has disposed of them like vagrant leaves. There was sap in them for a little, but now they are gone, we do not know where. All literature that has lasted has this claim upon us: that it is not dead;

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but we cannot be quite so sure of any as we are of the ancient literature that still lives, because none has lived so long. It holds a sort of primacy in the aristocracy of natural selection.

Read it, moreover, and you shall find another proof of vitality in it, more significant still. You shall recognize its thoughts, and even its fancies, as your long-time familiars—shall recognize them as the thoughts that have begotten a vast deal of your own literature. We read the classics and exclaim, in our vanity: "How modern! it might have been written yesterday." Would it not be more true, as well as more instructive, to exclaim concerning our own ideas: "How ancient! they have been true these thousand years"? It is the general air of the world a man gets when he reads the classics, the thinking which depends upon no time but only upon human nature, which seems full of the voices of the human spirit, quick with the power which moves ever upon the face of affairs. "What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand." There is the spirit of a race in the Greek literature, the spirit of quite another people in the books of Virgil and Horace and Tacitus; but in all a mirror of the world, the old passion of the soul, the old hope that keeps so new, the informing memory, the persistent forecast.

It has always seemed to me an odd thing, and a thing against nature that the literary man, the man whose citizenship and freedom are of the world of thought, should ever have been deemed an unsafe man in affairs; and yet I suppose there is not always injustice in the judgment. It is a perilously pleasant and beguiling comradeship, the company of authors. Not many men when once they are deep in it will leave its engaging thought of things gone by to find their practical duties in the present. But you are not making an undergraduate a man of letters when you keep him four short years at odd, or even at stated, hours in the company of authors. You shall have done much if you make him feel free among them.

This argument for enlightenment holds scarcely less good, of course, in behalf of the study of modern literature, and especially the literature of your own race and country. You should not belittle culture by esteeming it a thing of ornament, an accomplishment rather than a power. A cultured mind is a mind quit of its awkwardness, eased of all impediment and illusion, made quick and athletic in the acceptable exercise of power. It is a mind at once informed and just,—a mind habituated to choose its course with knowledge, and filled with full assurance, like one

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who knows the world and can live in it without either unreasonable hope or unwarranted fear. It cannot complain, it cannot trifle, it cannot despair. Leave pessimism to the uncultured, who do not know reasonable hope; leave fantastic hopes to the uncultured, who do not know the reasonableness of failure. Show that your mind has lived in the world ere now; has taken counsel with the elder dead who still live, as well as with the ephemeral living who cannot pass their graves. Help men, but do not delude them.

I believe, of course, that there is another way of preparing young men to be wise. I need hardly say that I believe in full, explicit instruction in history and in politics, in the experiences of peoples and the fortunes of governments, in the whole story of what men have attempted and what they have accomplished through all the changes both of form and purpose in their organization of their common life. Many minds will receive and heed this systematic instruction which have no ears for the voice that is in the printed page of literature. But, just as it is one thing to sit here in republican America and hear a credable professor tell of the soil of allegiance in which the British monarchy grows, and quite another to live where Victoria is queen and hear common men bless her with full confession of loyalty, so it is one thing to hear of systems of government in histories and treatises and quite another to feel them in the pulses of the poets and prose writers who have lived under them.

It used to be taken for granted—did it not?—that colleges would be found always on the conservative side in politics (except on the question of free trade); but in this latter day a great deal has taken place which goes far toward discrediting the presumption. The college in our day lies very near indeed to the affairs of the world. It is a place of the latest experiments; its laboratories are brisk with the spirit of discovery; its lecture rooms resound with the discussion of new theories of life and novel programmes of reform. There is no radical like your learned radical, bred in the schools; and thoughts of revolution have in our time been harbored in universities as naturally as they were once nourished among the Encyclopedists. It is the scientific spirit of the age which has wrought the change. I stand with my hat off at very mention of the great men who have made our age an age of knowledge. No man more heartily admires, more gladly welcomes, more approvingly reckons the gain and the enlightenment that have come to the world through the extraordinary advances in physical science which this great age has witnessed. He would be a

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barbarian and a lover of darkness who should grudge that great study any part of its triumph. But I am a student of society and should deem myself unworthy of the comradeship of great men of science should I not speak the plain truth with regard to what I see happening under my own eyes. I have no laboratory but the world of books and men in which I live; but I am much mistaken if the scientific spirit of the age is not doing us a great disservice, working in us a certain great degeneracy. Science has bred in us a spirit of experiment and a contempt for the past. It has made us credulous of quick improvement, hopeful of discovering panaceas, confident of success in every new thing.

I wish to be as explicit as carefully chosen words will enable me to be upon a matter so critical, so radical as this. I have no indictment against what science has done: I have only a warning to utter against the atmosphere which has stolen from laboratories into lecture rooms and into the general air of the world at large. Science—our science—is new. It is a child of the nineteenth century. It has transformed the world and owes little debt of obligation to any past age. It has driven mystery out of the Universe; it has made malleable stuff of the hard world, and laid it out in its elements upon the table of every class-room. Its own masters have known its limitations: they have stopped short at the confines of the physical universe; they have declined to reckon with spirit or with the stuffs of the mind, have eschewed sense and confined themselves to sensation. But their work has been so stupendous that all other men of all other studies have been set staring at their methods, imitating their ways of thought, ogling their results. We look in our study of the classics nowadays more at the phenomena of language than at the movement of spirit; we suppose the world which is invisible to be unreal; we doubt the efficacy of feeling and exaggerate the efficacy of knowledge; we speak of society as an organism and believe that we can contrive for it a new environment which will change the very nature of its constituent parts; worst of all, we believe in the present and in the future more than in the past, and deem the newest theory of society the likeliest. This is the disservice scientific study has done us: it has given us agnosticism in the realm of philosophy, scientific anarchism in the field of politics. It has made the legislator confident that he can create, and the philosopher sure that God cannot. Past experience is discredited and the laws of matter are supposed to apply to spirit and the make-up of society.

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Let me say once more, this is not the fault of the scientist; he has done his work with an intelligence and success which cannot be too much admired. It is the work of the noxious, intoxicating gas which has somehow got into the lungs of the rest of us from out the crevices of his workshop—a gas, it would seem, which forms only in the outer air, and where men do not know the right use of their lungs. I should tremble to see social reform led by men who had breathed it; I should fear nothing better than utter destruction from a revolution conceived and led in the scientific spirit. Science has not changed the laws of social growth or betterment. Science has not changed the nature of society, has not made history a whit easier to understand, human nature a whit easier to reform. It has won for us a great liberty in the physical world, a liberty from superstitious fear and from disease, a freedom to use nature as a familiar servant; but it has not freed us from ourselves. It has not purged us of passion or disposed us to virtue. It has not made us less covetous or less ambitious or less self-indulgent. On the contrary, it may be suspected of having enhanced our passions, by making wealth so quick to come, so fickle to stay. It has wrought such instant, incredible improvement in all the physical setting of our life, that we have grown the more impatient of the unreformed condition of the part it has not touched or bettered, and we want to get at our spirits and reconstruct them in like radical fashion by like processes of experiment. We have broken with the past and have come into a new world.

Can any one wonder, then, that I ask for the old drill, the old memory of times gone by, the old schooling in precedent and tradition, the old keeping of faith with the past, as a preparation for leadership in days of social change? We have not given science too big a place in our education; but we have made a perilous mistake in giving it too great a preponderance in method in every other branch of study. We must make the humanities human again; must recall what manner of men we are; must turn back once more to the region of practicable ideals.

Of course, when all is said, it is not learning but the spirit of service that will give a college place in the public annals of the nation. It is indispensable, it seems to me, if it is to do its right service, that the air of affairs should be admitted to all its class-rooms. I do not mean the air of party politics, but the air of the world's transactions, the consciousness of the solidarity of the race, the sense of the duty of man toward man, of the presence of men in every problem, of the signifi-

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cance of truth for guidance as well as for knowledge, of the potency of ideas, of the promise and the hope that shine in the face of all knowledge. There is laid upon us the compulsion of the national life. We dare not keep aloof and closet ourselves while a nation comes to its maturity. The days of glad expansion are gone, our life grows tense and difficult; our resource for the future lies in careful thought, providence, and a wise economy; and the school must be of the nation.

I have had sight of the perfect place of learning in my thought: a free place, and a various, where no man could be and not know with how great a destiny knowledge had come into the world—itself a little world; but not perplexed, living with a singleness of aim not known without; the home of sagacious men, hard-headed and with a will to know, debaters of the world's questions every day and used to the rough ways of democracy; and yet a place removed—calm Science seated there, recluse, ascetic, like a nun, not knowing that the world passes, not caring, if the truth but come in answer to her prayer; and Literature, walking within her open doors, in quiet chambers, with men of olden time, storied walls about her, and calm voices infinitely sweet; here "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn," to which you may withdraw and use your youth for pleasure; there windows open straight upon the street, where many stand and talk, intent upon the world of men and business. A place where ideals are kept in heart in an air they can breathe; but no fool's paradise. A place where to hear the truth about the past and hold debate about the affairs of the present, with knowledge and without passion; like the world in having all men's life at heart, a place for men and all that concerns them; but unlike the world in its self-possession, its thorough way of talk, its care to know more than the moment brings to light; slow to take excitement, its air pure and wholesome with a breath of faith; every eye within it bright in the clear day and quick to look toward heaven for the confirmation of its hope. Who shall show us the way to this place?

WOODROW WILSON.

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THE POETRY OF THE EARL OF LYTTON.

"As, in the laurel's murmurous leaves,
'T was fabled, once, a Virgin dwelt;
Within the poet's page yet heaves
The poet's Heart, and loves or grieves
Or triumphs, as it felt."

—"*The Wanderer*": *Dedication.*

It is not the intention of the present paper to argue for or against the definition of poetry expressed or implied (with a neatness and completeness not invariably achieved by their writer) in these melodious lines. It is sufficient that there is perhaps no theory of the art which is more generally or more excusably popular, and that the manifesto, as it may be called, thus set in the forefront of his first serious book by Owen Meredith (as for many years the first Earl of Lytton signed his poems) was faithfully carried out. Yet, though the poet thus ran up a flag far more engaging than the austerer and extremer theories, which, on the one hand, make perfection of form the distinguishing mark, and, on the other, demand the presence of a "message," of "criticism of life," of "high seriousness," and so forth—though for nearly forty years he fought under this flag with a faithfulness not always exhibited by poets—it cannot be said that at any time his verse has been really and genuinely accepted either by the critics or by the public. Some volumes of it have indeed achieved the success of one or more reprints; and two selections—one, mainly of his earlier lyrical work, the other executed with singular judgment and taste by his daughter, chiefly from the larger mass of his non-lyrical work—have appeared. But he has never been much of a favorite at large; and it has been (and, though to a less extent than formerly, still is) a critical trick to pooh-pooh his claims as a poet. It may not be uninteresting to examine the justice and injustice of this from the critical side; it cannot but be a kindness to the general to point out how eminently *readable* a poet—the adjective will be expounded and justified later—is thus neglected by poetical readers. For there is some reason for believing that the reading of poetry, as distinguished from the critical

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study of it,—reading which was common in the earlier part of this century but which almost died out in the middle thereof,—has of late been revived. And it is a pity that hungry sheep should not be led to every good pasture.

The outward life of Edward Robert, second Lord and first Earl of Lytton, who was born in 1831, was chiefly remarkable because of its most unusual repetition of the double bent toward literature and toward public affairs which had distinguished his famous father. In literature his range was less wide, though I at least think that his performance was, at its best, better than that of the author of "The Caxtons." In politics, his sphere being not parliament but diplomacy and administration, he attained a considerably higher place, becoming viceroy of India and ambassador to France. These employments, the highest of their kind open to a British subject, had been preceded by a very long course of minor diplomatic functions, beginning at the age of eighteen, soon after Mr. Lytton left Harrow. He thus missed the university training usual with men of his country and station, and this circumstance, together with the effect of his almost continual residence abroad, has been noted by the most partial and the best informed judges as having had prejudicial as well as advantageous consequences on the character of his work. Cosmopolis is a city of many attractions: its inhabitants are wont to boast themselves a little at the expense of the parochial and the insular, of the provincial and the patriotic. But paradoxers have maintained that Cosmopolis is apt to communicate only the lower, not the higher, cosmopolitanism, and that the intense and wide humanity of Shakespeare and Dante has not a little to do with the fact that Shakespeare is the most English of Englishmen, and Dante a Florentine from tip of nails to core of heart.

In the case of all poets perhaps there is no such satisfactory fashion of criticism as the apparently plodding and uninspired one of going in chronological order through their work, and noting characteristics and "signatures," defects and merits, as they evolve themselves. The butterfly process of haphazard appreciation may look prettier; but, in the words of Béranger's naughty comparison, it has "bien moins de vaillance." And in no case can such a process be more important than in the case of such a poet as Lord Lytton, who has been very seldom criticized as a whole, and of whom there is very unlikely to be, in any considerable number of readers, any distinct total idea, whether right or wrong. That knowledge had better precede opinion is doubtless an old-fashioned idea; but it really has something to say for itself.

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"Clytemnestra" was not, I think (though I speak on this point without absolute certainty), ever completely reprinted; and very little of it appears in the "Selected Poems"[1] in which all those who do not know Lord Lytton's poetry should now make their first acquaintance with it. As is natural, the author's curious and rather heroic indifference to the charge of imitation appears very strongly in a volume most of the contents of which were, I believe, composed at about the age of eighteen, and some of them earlier. In its pages Browning and Heine meet together: Tennyson and Musset not infrequently kiss each other as the volume shuts. Yet in a not long closed experience of perusing, for some twenty years, the new poetry of England, I do not remember meeting anything which struck me as better deserving the greeting, "This will do!" than "The Neglected Heart," which did not, I think, receive any such plaudit from the reviewers of 1855, though Leigh Hunt, always a generous and generally a good judge of poetry, spoke enthusiastically of the book to Forster. The fact is that Lord Lytton, as unlucky in matters of literary fortune as he was lucky in some other ways, experienced the unkindness of the goddess also in this respect. English criticism was by no means at a palmy day in 1855; the critics of the older time being mostly dead or, like Hunt, moribund, the new "slashing" *persiflage* of the "Saturday Review" hardly started and better calculated to snub manifest incompetence than to encourage doubtful genius, and the newest school of æsthetic appreciation yet far off. Besides which, it is the very rarest thing in the world that a poet's first book really reveals him. Spenser, Keats, Shelley, are hardly exceptions: most others directly confirm the rule.

"The Wanderer" of four years later was a great advance. It is true that the "echoes" continued, and that the poet's remissness in attention to form was rather slackened than screwed up as the memories of his Harrow education—the only scholarship of the strict kind with which he ever had a chance of being imbued—died down. But the note was stronger, the personal quality—which was always so prominent and interesting in Lord Lytton—was very much more distinct and perceptible, and, though the book was in appearance composed of a large number of occasional pieces, the division by countries, and the interconnection of many of the pieces themselves, gave the thread of continuity which the poet always found useful if not absolutely necessary. There are some poets—Shelley is the chief of them—to whom

[1] "Selected Poems." By the Earl of LYTTON (Owen Meredith). New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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"a story to tell" is perfectly unnecessary, who indeed cannot tell it when they have one. There are others—and Lord Lytton was one of these—to whom narrative of one kind or another, historic or fantastic, parabolic or direct, is apparently an inevitable form and mould of verse-expression, so that everything they write must take more or less pressure from this.

But the most important thing about "The Wanderer," as a book of poetry, is, after all, that it contains some decidedly good poems. My own favorite (a favorite dethroned by nothing of the author's, though some things in "After Paradise" and "Marah" came to sit beside her) is "Astarte"—a poem which, with not a few of the usual blemishes of reminiscence and want of polish, and suffering as it does from two redundant stanzas (it ought to have ended at the thirteenth), still, after thirty years' acquaintance, seems to me to possess an admirably liquid lapse of metre, a curious clangorous charm of plaintive sound. Not the reckless uncertainty of the rhymes, not the Mrs. Browningisms of "these Earthlies" and so forth, can spoil the delight of such stanzas as—

> "They fell lightly, as the dew falls, mid ungather'd
> Meadow-flowers; and lightly linger'd with the dew.
> But the dew is gone, the grass is dried and wither'd
> And the traces of those steps have faded too."

as—

> "The motion and the fragrance of her garments
> Seem about me, all the day long, in the room:
> And her face, with its bewildering old endearments,
> Comes at night, between the curtains, in the gloom."

and especially that with which I wish the piece had closed:

> "If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,
> Brows, and breast, and lips, and language of sweet strains,
> I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,
> And that portion of myself which she retains."

Nor can anything be more characteristic than the poet's persistent leaving of such easily removed blemishes as the rhymes in question to mar the music of such a "voluptuous, necessary, and right" composition as this would otherwise have been and to a great extent still is. The Dedication to John Forster (the first stanza of which I have chosen for the epigraph of this paper) may please others better than "Astarte," which I myself like so much that, as the critic always does

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in such cases, I suspect my liking to be partly uncritical. "Leafless Hours," very short, is also very sweet; and its combination of two famous Spanish and French proverbs—

> "And out of the nest of last year's Redbreast
> Is stolen the very snow"—

is singularly happy. In truth until the last two of his books Lord Lytton gave none combining various poetical attractions so well as this; and I believe the public—which is not always wrong—has to some extent recognized the fact. But the same public—which is by no means always right—extended an at least equal welcome to his next venture, which was perhaps the least good book he ever did. That the omission to acknowledge indebtedness to George Sand's "Lavinia" (an omission due to advice from the poet's father, surprising from so old a literary hand and one who had smarted so under critical attack) exposed Owen Meredith to the cuckoo cry of plagiarism, is a trifle. The actual debt is not great, and it would not matter if it were greater. The real faults of the book are quite different; and they have been stated by Lord Lytton himself in words which require little extension and hardly admit of any improvement. "The whole subject of it," he says, "is fitter for prose than verse," "the whole composition is inconsistent with the permanent conditions of poetic beauty," and the characters "are described rather than revealed." Such frankness, which is not in the least exaggerated or affected, deserves respect and saves trouble. "Lucile" is in fact merely a novel of the Sand-Feuillet kind, told in slipshod (the word is the author's) anapæstic tetrameters, partly in narrative and partly in dialogue, to the extent of some eight or ten thousand lines. It contains some vivid description and not a few good passages of the lighter kind, the best thing being, perhaps, that rather well-known eulogy of Dinner, which includes the couplet:

> "We may live without friends; we may live without books;
> But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

Still, on the whole it is a decided failure.

Yet this, like "The Wanderer," was, I believe, much better received than any one of Lord Lytton's subsequent works, all which, with perhaps one exception, were very far its superiors. I suspect, though I do not know, that this was a cause to the author of not unreasonable disappointment. He knew that these were not his best work, nor, as wholes, anything like his best. He did not reflect—he would have been "either God or beast" if he had reflected—that they came at a

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peculiar time when the public was just recovering its appetite for poetry, and had as yet neither acquired distinct tastes nor had any opportunity of glutting them. During the 'forties and 'fifties the reaction from the palmy days of the 'teens and 'twenties, when poets sold quartos by tens of thousands, was at its very height. For years the public would hardly look at Tennyson, and would not look at all at Browning. But at last Tennyson had attracted, and Browning was in a few years to attract, attention which was very shortly to be shared by the new and dazzling poetry of the Pre-Raphaelite school. "The Wanderer" and "Lucile" profited by the revival of the taste; their successors suffered because they did not hit that taste completely off.

Little need be said of the Servian poems, which were the occasion of another unnecessary and chiefly foolish squabble about plagiarism, and which, though some of them have much merit, exhibit neither any new faculty nor the best expression of any old one. A "free translation" of a translation could hardly be satisfactory; and it undoubtedly contributed to that mistaken yet plausible notion of the second-hand character of Lord Lytton's work which has done it so much harm.

Six years were next spent on the book which, under the title of "Chronicles and Characters," appeared in 1868,—the most extensive, and, unless this epithet be assigned to "Glenaveril," the most ambitious, of all the author's works. A friendly but frank critic, remembering what has been referred to at the close of the last paragraph, would probably have shaken his head over the general form. For it was impossible that this should not suggest "La Légende des Siècles," which (with "Idylls of the King") was the dominant book of European poetry at the time; while the volumes also contained the strongest reminders of Browning. But it must have been already apparent to the poet's well-wishers that no considerations of this kind would ever weigh with him; and the book unquestionably has great merits. The phantasmagoria which its nearly twenty thousand verses marshal before the reader represents all times and countries, from heroic Greece to the present day, and represents them with no little power. The wide range of metre and subordinate form prevent monotony, and the abundance and variety of subject-interest undoubtedly divert attention from those slips of technique which were noticeable earlier. Moreover, though Lady Betty Balfour thinks that her father had not even in this book fully found his way (as to which, in point of scheme, there can be no doubt), I cannot help thinking that he shows himself very close

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to it. The half ironic, half moralizing study of the facts of life and nature, with escapes from time to time into that passionate subjectivity which was his special forte, could be little facilitated by the boyish experiments of "Clytemnestra," the almost purely personal lyric of "The Wanderer," or the *pastiche* of "Lucile" and "Serbski Pesme." But the subject-matter of "Chronicles and Characters" lent itself very well thereto. One piece in the strangely mingled contents—the famous "Last Words of a Sensitive Second-Rate Poet"—has secured praise from those who, as a rule, set very little store by Lord Lytton's verses. One poem on the "Melancholia," though it has not the concentrated force of the companion passage in "The City of Dreadful Night" (which came much later), is adequate and fine as an example of a kind of poetry which is rather hackneyed now but was not so thirty years ago. "Genseric" is one of the, alas! too rare instances in which the poet did not write a line or a word too much, and which therefore shows what, with less fluency, his muse might have frequently given. The whole design to exhibit the ideals of the successive ages was too ambitious; and, except in the hands of an almost unimaginably supreme poet, would have required more knowledge than is easily compatible with poetical felicity, and more power of suppressing knowledge than the knower usually has. But as a series of frescoes,—as a sort of world-panorama dashed off freely and with mastery,—it has high value, and as a book to read—a quality of Lord Lytton's verse on which I always insist—it is extremely recommendable.

It was followed by the most curious example, without exception, of that odd capacity for taking pains, which in this instance rather marred than made a genius. "Orval, or the Fool of Time" has never been reprinted; no extracts from it are given in the "Selected Poems"; and it was considered by Lord Lytton himself to be a failure. But its comparative inaccessibility communicates a certain interest. I do not myself think that it is by any means the worst thing that its author did; and above all it is almost supremely curious. That a man of considerable position, literary and otherwise, not writing by any means for bread, with the idea of the "Fables in Song" and "King Poppy" at least germinating in his own brain, and with all the world of literature before him, should take trouble to the extent of about eight thousand verses in paraphrasing the "Infernal Comedy" of a certain Polish Count Krasinski is odd—is of the very oddest. I cannot read Polish; and though I believe there is a French translation of Krasinski's comedy, I have never seen it. But though "Orval" is proba-

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bly an extremely free paraphrase of the "Infernal Comedy," it is easy to see that the original was one of those innumerable semi-dramatic compositions, belonging more or less to the school of "Faust" and adjusted to political ends, which this century has seen. Lord Lytton has put his own readjustment of the Krasinski politics in a long prose preface, only less curious than the poem, and tempting to comment on. The piece itself—describing the fall of a generous and visionary *seigneur* in circumstances half mediæval, half modern, before a revolution which is half Jacquerie and half '89—is quite worth reading, but its execution is even hastier than usual, and there are few quotable passages. The fact of its existence is the really and, in the case of anybody but Lord Lytton, the almost inexplicably curious thing. It would seem to have been so easy to any man *not* to write "Orval"; to almost any man so troublesome to write it!

But the book with which he followed this, "Fables in Song," would not have been easy for anyone to write, and it would have been a very great pity if it had not been written. I gather from Lady Betty Balfour's allusions, though I do not remember for myself, that some idiotic cavils were made at the title. This is the sort of thing which has brought discredit on criticism. Any ill-conditioned babe and suckling in reviewing who cares for machine-made epigram can observe on such an occasion that the subjects of his discourse are not fables and are not songs, and can support the dictum by pointing out that Lord Lytton's examples are extremely different in form from Æsop or Phædrus or Marie de France or the Anonymus Neveleti (only this kind of critic probably never heard of the Anonymus Neveleti) or La Fontaine or Gay. The fact that they are different is one of their chief titles to consideration. To me, at any rate, it seems that in these pieces Lord Lytton struck a distinctly new vein which nevertheless connects itself in the legitimate manner with the main fable-seams of old. I do not know whether he took the hint from the Prologue to "The Newcomes"; it is quite possible that he did, and it would rather add to than detract from the interest of the product if it were so. However this may have been, the "Fables in Song" coördinate and apply, in a fresh and piquant manner, the scattered and desultory faculties which had been noteworthy in the earlier books. Mr. Arnold had not then formulated his famous "criticism-of-life" definition of poetry; so nobody can say that Owen Meredith borrowed *that*. But as a fact no book of verse published for many years answers to the description better than "Fables in Song." As was usual with the author, the

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metrical form of the poems sits rather loosely and is often changed. Perhaps the commonest measure is the heroic quatrain—sometimes printed straight on, sometimes combined in stanzas. But there are also to be found six- and eight-line decasyllabic stanzas, "Christabel" tetrameters passing into Ingoldsbian "tumbling verse," short Heinesque blank lines, Pindarics, triplets, and other things. All these are pressed into the service of a kind of double-shotted narrative, the shot being sent home more or less by a moral of the old fable kind. "The Blue Mountains: or the Far," "The Wheatstalk: or the Near," "The Ass and the Wagtail," "The Philosopher and the Bird," tell, to a certain extent, their own story: elsewhere and rather more frequently some reading is required before the author's drift is clearly seen. But always what is attempted—and in a large majority of the sixty examples what is achieved—is the presentation, with the "cane and sword" of verse, of a kind of moral lesson, enforced with much knowledge of the world, touches of pessimism, a great deal of by no means boisterous irony, and above all not a little Wisdom. Let me on this occasion be permitted, though I do not greatly love it, the capital letter which used to bring such not undeserved ridicule on Lord Lytton's father, and which he, a loyal son, often adopted. We do not like Wisdom nowadays; when she cries in the streets (which it must be admitted she does not very much) we call her obvious, uninspired, *rococo*, provincial, *vieux jeu*. We have, it seems, outgrown Wisdom. But whether our state is therefore the more gracious might be the thesis of a considerable argument.

It was all the more disappointing when, after the long gap noticed above, Lord Lytton returned to the publication of poetry, to find that the result was "Glenaveril." He himself, it seems, believed in the book; the more sacred band of his admirers believes in it; there are undoubtedly good things in it; and I recently found it easier to read it a second time than I did, when it came out, to read it a first. But I am quite unable to regard it as anything on the whole but a huge and creditable mistake. As we have seen, Lord Lytton had very justly condemned its kind from more points of view than one, in reference to "Lucile." Yet, except that it shows a much riper science of life and to some extent a less "go-as-you-please" scheme of verse, "Glenaveril" is exposed to every objection which condemns "Lucile," and to more also. It is double the length: the metre is not superior as the vehicle of a complicated plot. I do not know that the characters, though they are less conventional, are really nearer to full dramatic presentation

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than those of the earlier book; and there is a mixture of obscurity and lack of "go" about the story merely as a story. Its best parts,—and they are very good,—"The Falcon and the Dove" and "Marietta's Needle," are Fables which have unhappily deserted the state of single blessedness, and have rashly undertaken unlimited liability in connection with a mass of heterogeneous companions.

But this was the last of Lord Lytton's books, published by himself or posthumous, against which any such charge could be brought. The small volume entitled "After Paradise, or Legends of Exile" contains matter, partly in the key of the "Fables," partly lyrical, of far higher value than "Glenaveril," and showing that mounting tide of blended passion and humor which, contrary to the wont of poets, flowed in this poet higher and higher as he grew in years. "Uriel" and "Strangers," though a little over-dashed with pessimism (Lady Betty Balfour tells us that at this time he was reading much Schopenhauer), are very admirable poems; and indeed there is little that is not admirable in the book. The two posthumous volumes, "Marah" and "King Poppy," were even better; indeed, if they had been the first books of an unknown writer instead of the last books of one as to whom opinion had made itself up with that curious obstinacy which appertains to opinion that is wrong, they must have made no common sensation.

The first of this pair may be described as a sequel to the strongest and best parts of "The Wanderer," very much improved in workmanship, concentrated, and heightened in tone, and, while retaining all the freshness of feeling, fortified by thirty years' growth in knowledge, experience, and thought. Those who, like the Princess, object to a "moan about the retrospect" may quarrel with the bitterness indicated by the title and fully present in the book. But that was one of Her Highness Ida's unregenerate utterances. "Marah" is full of goodness; and it is rare to find two of its numerous short pieces together that lack a distinction and an intensity the want of which was, as a rule, the fault of Lord Lytton's earlier work. Here he has attained that seventeenth-century soar and throb of wing which is not common in any poet of our day.

But I should have to notice half the contents of this remarkable book to do it justice. I shall only say that if any critic can read "That is the Question," "If . . . ?," "Summer Night," "Experientia Docet," "Dreams," "Seaward," "Moonland," "Selenite," without finding "nothing common there nor mean," I am sorry for him.

Had, however, "Marah" remained unpaired by "King Poppy" we

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should not have known the completeness of the advance which Lord Lytton had made all along the poetic line. "Marah," though not without touches of humor, is nearly all passion: "King Poppy," not without touches of passion, is nearly all humor. The moralizing spyglass of the "Fables" is here taken up and applied to politics—vignetted, so to speak, in a frame of mystical fancy, and adjusted to a sort of half sincere, half ironical hymning of "King Poppy," the monarch of oblivion and dream. The satire on popular and constitutional government is pretty sharp; though so adroitly wreathed in flowers of phantasy that the duller reader may not feel himself galled, while the astuter may affect to disregard the point of it. An argument of "King Poppy" would be a rather serious undertaking; and besides it is supplied already, to those who can understand it, by the author in a running marginal commentary elegantly rubricked. And the blank verse which Lord Lytton has here definitely adopted is far superior, as a medium for his peculiar style of fantastic narrative and dissertation, to the rhymed forms which he had tried earlier. Not that the book is by any means pedestrian: there are not a few distinctly ambitious passages, such as the history of the birth of gems, and a good many others. But whereas in many of the earlier books the equipment of verse has something of the same worrying effect that rhyme has in drama, here it simply helps and heightens. In fact, it would, I think, be difficult to produce any instance of two books by the same author, appearing practically at the same time, which displayed more different and at the same time more happily complementary gifts of poetical handling than these two. And if they stood alone there could be very little doubt what the verdict of the great majority of competent critics on their author's claims would be. But they do not stand alone; and hitherto the fate of their author has justified the practice which "Saint Architriclin" (as the inexhaustible felicity of the Middle Ages dubbed the Master of the Feast at Cana) pronounces to have been usual in his time—the practice of putting forth the best wine first. Faultless these two books certainly are not. Monotony may be objected to "Marah," a want of further compression and direct adjustment to "King Poppy"; and, though the technique is far better in both than in the earlier books, there are still lapses. But in a just appraisement their faults are as nothing in comparison with their merits; while, certainly, no dog, however currishly inclined, can with the least justice bark the old bark of "echo" against them.

It is, I know, often thought that critical apology for admitted de-

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fects is even more superfluous than the rest of the critical business. It teases admirers who do not want to criticize: it is neglected by ill-wishers who do not want to be converted. Nevertheless something of the kind must be attempted here, though it be done shortly. If epigram were any longer permissible (and perhaps it still is under Gautier's kindly insult *afin de prouver aux sots qu'on pourrait être leur égal*) the difference between Lord Lytton and a plagiarist could be put very briefly. The plagiarist endeavors, usually without the least success, to give other people's work the color of being his own: Lord Lytton, for many years, endeavored, only too successfully, to give his own work the color of being other people's. The chorus in "Clytemnestra," which drew tears from Leigh Hunt, does perfectly superfluous suit and service to Tennyson. "The Wanderer" is full of apparent echoes of Browning, Heine, Musset, even Poe. It has been shown with what guileless and gratuitous heedlessness the poet exposed himself to the charge of *plagium* in "Serbski Pesme" and "Lucile"; what a waste of labor and fancy he made in dressing up another man's doll (this time with the fullest proclamation of the fact) in "Orval"; how even "Chronicles and Characters" were capable of being misrepresented by no extraordinarily unscrupulous persons as half "Men and Women," half "Légende des Siècles."

Yet a narrow examination will reveal to any fair and competent reviewer some very curious notes in this echo, some quite unaccountable turns in this imitation. There are some of the Tennysonian and Browningesque echoes in "The Wanderer" which are like things not published by either master till long afterward; and a "Chain to Wear" has a strong Swinburnian ring though written before Mr. Swinburne had published anything (even the "Queen Mother" and "Rosamond") and some twenty years before the piece which it chiefly resembles was printed. The fact would seem to be that Lord Lytton's poetical instrument had an Æolian-harp quality, that it was specially liable to be swept by whatsoever wind of poetry was blowing strongly at the time, and to give forth sounds in key with those which more individual inspirations had set going. The phenomenon is not a very uncommon one, though there is perhaps no other case in which it is found to so considerable an extent and in conjunction with so much original power. Certainly there is no other instance in which a poet has been so entirely free from the essential and damning sin of the plagiarist —the attempt to clip and doctor, to dye and disguise what he borrows.

Less confident excuse must be made for his other ascribed fault—

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the want of patient and disciplined attention to form. It would indeed be idle to attempt to defend a culprit who pleads guilty in more than one not unnatural, though rather unwise, fling at critical respect for form itself. And it ought to be remembered to his great honor that in one of the neatest and most genial of the "Fables," "Diogenes, or Alexander?"—turning on the contrast between a neatly cut water carafe and a champagne bottle,—Lord Lytton, though he begins with something like a satire on form, ends by confessing that form lasts and that its opposite does not. That his own form was defective, in his early days especially, that it was often most unfortunately so, no one, I think, can deny. His distressing laxity in the matter of rhyme—which sometimes reminds one of, though it never equals, the enormities of Mrs. Browning—may have been partly caused and must certainly have been encouraged by his almost constant exile from his native country; for an ear so receptive as his could hardly fail to be affected by the daily hearing of Italian and French, German and Portuguese. But it must have been partly congenital, and partly due, like his companion laxities of metre, to a more general impatience—also congenital and increased by education and circumstance—of the labor of the file. And I do not know that either peccadillo has done him so much harm as his extreme facility and fluency. "Jewels five words long" will of necessity be seldom found in the work of a man who can write easily: has not Lord Lytton himself admitted that it took the dragon in "King Poppy" a year's exertion of the most violent kind to produce each gem? Yet of this, as of the other fault, he has produced at once explanation and apology in a couplet of merit—

> "Clothing myself in all hues that be
> And taking all forms that seem fair to me"—

that is perhaps as good a motto for his own earlier poetical performance and position as could be selected.

To unravel the apparent contradictions of such a career I believe there is only one clue; though indeed it is scarcely necessary to make the limitation, for there is only one clue that unravels anything,—to wit, history. The longer literary history is studied with an open mind the more clear does it become to the student that there are times and circumstances when a poet of the fresh and complete kind is practically impossible, or, if found, is a miracle. These times and circumstances will sometimes be long and complicated, sometimes short and simple. They may be estimated by centuries or estimated by decades.

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They never can be fully explained at all. But they exist. If a man is born in the early 'thirties of the seventeenth century in England he is fairly entered for the chance of being one of the chief agents in the transformation of English prose; later or earlier he will miss that chance by a few years. If he is born in the early 'seventies of the eighteenth century he will have a throw for being one of the chief agents in the transformation of English poetry; a few years earlier or later and he will miss that privilege. These are the *gros lots* in the raffle; but the minor prizes follow the rule. The writers of one decade will be born to honor; those of another, if not to dishonor (for on the artist's brow, however unlucky he may be, shame is ashamed to sit) yet to an honor maimed and stunted, grudged and denied.

Lord Lytton was by time and circumstance placed among the less fortunate of his brethren. He was born too late for the last splendid flowering of the great Romantic period—that which produced Tennyson and Browning. He was born too early and educated in the wrong way for the aftermath of Pre-Raphaelite poetry; for, though he was actually a younger man than Rossetti, his early exile from England took him out of the current and left him exposed only to the same vague and indeterminate influences which produced the Spasmodics and others. Hence, beyond all doubt, his early imitativeness, and hence also, I think, (though it is difficult to pronounce on the latter point with equal certainty) the lateness with which he reached, and the comparative slackness with which he grasped when he had reached it, the true vocation which is unmistakably displayed in "Fables in Song" and "King Poppy." For the early lyrics of "The Wanderer" and the later ones of "Marah," though to some of us they may have had a stronger personal appeal than the half mystical, half satiric fable, yet give him a less distinct poetical position than this latter inasmuch as they are more common to the human race at large. It is a proof, an inestimable and irrefragable proof, of his poetic faculty that he should not merely have written the best things of "The Wanderer" at twenty-five, but the best things of "Marah" at fifty-five. But to those who demand a special poetical vocation, not occasional poetic moments, the "Fables" (with "King Poppy" always to be included) must be more valuable. Yet, even after "Fables in Song" itself, it is clear that he was not sure of his path, as the great digression to "Glenaveril" shows.

Of the poets who have suffered from this metaphysical hindrance, not aid, of fate and chance, the chief in English is Gray. And it so

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happens that Gray shows us, with the most obliging contrast, how inauspicious stars of the kind may be baffled to a certain extent, though not wholly. Nobody who has the least critical acquaintance with the life and works of the author of the "Elegy" can be for a moment under the delusion that he was a satisfied or a fully developed poet. It is clear, not less from the works than from the life, that he "never spoke out" what was in him. He too was under the sway of the demon of imitation. He could never make up his mind whether to be a classical or a romantic poet, whether to write narrative or elegy, lyric or satire. He never hit upon anything at all original in form. Even his great learning, though it found a subject exactly suited to his tastes and capacities,—the projected History of English Poetry,—was blocked and baulked by his want of distinct "line," of definite *pli*. But Gray, if his hindrances were even increased, was in the end saved by the results of an English academic education coinciding with the drift of an intensely critical temperament. Fate would not allow him to write much that was good, or anything that was in the highest sense original. But he would write nothing that was bad in point of form; nothing that was undistinguished, unfinished, destitute of the evidence of an anxious craftsmanship in style. And the consequence is that he lived, lives, and will live; that people have even gravely inquired whether he is not a "great" poet; that the quintessenced commonplace of the "Elegy," the artificial mannerism of the "Bard," pass (and pass rightly too) for something a very long way out of the common, for artifices that fully deserve the name of art. He was so conscious how much there is for a poet not to say that he may have said too little: he was so conscious that a poet cannot be too careful how he says it that whatever he said survives.

The full, and I believe faithful, survey of Lord Lytton's work which has been given above dispenses me from saying or re-saying much as to the other side of the contrast which we find in Owen Meredith. He was subject to much the same disabilities, had perhaps an even more ardent desire to write poetry, and had, as I verily believe, not much less if any less share of the indispensable requirements of a poet. And it seems to have been impossible for him not to write. The collection of his work which I have before me (including nothing twice over and excluding the original "Clytemnestra") consists of twelve volumes, of which only one I think holds less than six thousand lines and some contain nearer twelve. Nor was he ever tired of rewriting, though his revision seems to have taken rather the form of expansion

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than of compression. Given these facts, the defects of the total result —defects excessively and sometimes both ignorantly and unfairly commented upon—are not surprising: it would have been their absence that would have given reason for surprise.

But its merits and not its defects are the things by which the true critic judges poetry, and the merits of this poetry are abundant in quantity and not low in degree. There is, for those who can taste it, a certain paradoxical compensation in writers of the class just described, if only they have talent enough. In their lack of single overmastering vocation they display a singular compensating variety; in their refusal to be bound by narrow critical exigencies, a compensating exuberance and ease. The *volume* of enjoyment which a poet provides ought not to be overlooked; and we have, perhaps, of late years been a little prone to underestimate in poetry the quality of readableness. "Chronicles and Characters," the "Fables," "After Paradise," and "King Poppy" are books that one can read and re-read—which is very much more than can be said of some poems which have taken rank apparently once for all as "great." And yet in parts of these, continually—still more in the best things of "The Wanderer" and "Marah"—the poet is not in the very slightest degree a mere *amuseur*. On the contrary Owen Meredith possessed and was able to express, not very seldom with intensity, very often with more than adequate success, two of the highest qualities or functions of literature—two, moreover, the conjunction of which in poetry is of the rarest. The poet who has neither passion nor humor is in a sufficiently parlous state, though sometimes, as in the famous case of Wordsworth, he may attain the heights to which he cannot soar on these two wings by arduous pedestrian labor up steep mountain byways of thought and observation. The poet who has passion only is constantly liable to become extravagant or ridiculous, conventional or *saugrenu*. The poet who has humor only is scarcely conceivable; for, though passion unfortunately may and frequently does exist without humor, humor, by the very terms of any valid definition of it, always implies passion in the background. But when a man can show in verse that he has both humor and passion, it will go hard, very hard indeed, but he will be saved. And it cannot go hard with him who in his last and most mature work held out to us, as presents from the grave, "King Poppy" in one hand and "Marah" in the other.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

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DRAWBACKS OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

It is pleasant for the officers of our colleges to enumerate the advantages which the colleges are giving to their students. Some of these advantages were discussed in an article, "The Best Thing College Does for a Man," published in The Forum for March, 1896. It is important too,—seriously important, I think,—even if not pleasant, for college officers to consider some of the disadvantages under which, in the opinion of certain reputable citizens, the college graduate labors. In suggesting some of these disadvantages I would not be understood as being sympathetic in either heart or mind with the full force of the statement in each case. I am only trying to present the drawbacks as strongly as the most determined opponent of a college education would present them.

In my opinion, as well as in the judgment of others, the college may injure men through fixing the habit of loving and doing only that which is agreeable. The college may minister to laziness. The laziness may be of a crude sort, such as belongs to Mrs. Stowe's *Sam Lawson;* but this type is far less common than that of a refined dilettanteism. The college may minister to an indolence manifesting itself in methods and manners which are at once gentle and inane; of excellent form, but of worthless content. To do nothing, or to do nothing hard, is a special form of the agreeable. It represents our inheritance of "total depravity." The statical quality is a far more pleasant one for the ordinary human being to manifest than the dynamical. Now the college is in peril of developing in the students this quality; and the agreeable is found in indolence or a gentle dilettanteism. I do not, of course, fail to recognize that if, on the other hand, the agreeable have for its content,—as it has for some natures,—vigor, hardihood, daring, there can be no peril in the college promoting a love of such qualities; but, alas! too many of us are inclined to find the agreeable in soft pleasures and gentle inactivities.

The college may foster the habit of loving and doing only the pleasant by several means. The habit is promoted by the general condition of liberty which obtains more or less fully in most colleges. I

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am not now arguing against liberty in our colleges. Necessity is laid on us to have it: it is the Divine method for bettering mankind. But every advantage carries with it certain perils; and I am only stating one of the results which follow present conditions. I lately asked a graduate of one of our oldest and most conspicuous colleges—a scholar of wide reputation, who himself graduated forty years ago, and whose son is now a student in the same college—if it was as good a college now as in his own undergraduate days. Instantly came the reply, "No." "Why?" I asked. "Because," he answered, "the men are not obliged to get up in the morning." The condition of liberty was too unrestrained. He also meant to say that the college was doing little to train its students to do what they do not like to do. The same condition obtains, at least to some extent, in all our colleges; and it must obtain. The advantages of the condition are far greater than the disadvantages; but the perils of liberty are, nevertheless, not to be lightly passed over.

But the old graduate also intended to convey that not only was freedom too free, but that luxury was too luxurious. If men of very small means suffer in the value of their education through poverty, men of very large means suffer, and usually more so, through too large expenditures. The ordinary college man does not spend too much: the rich one does. The rate of expenditure of the rich student may be no higher than that of his family; but, in relation to the development of his character and the discipline of his life, he frequently spends more money than he ought. Further, he consumes more time and strength in spending this money than he can afford. Luxury is not usually the nurse of scholarship. "Henry," said the old graduate above referred to, as he was visiting one of the luxurious dormitories,—"Henry, we did n't use to make first scholars on Turkish rugs."

The college is also promoting this love of the agreeable by failing to insist upon students doing a proper amount of work. It is not my intention to enter upon a discussion as to the amount of work which a college student in good health and of average capacity should do: any such estimate belongs quite as much to the physician as to the college officer. It is, however, safe to say that, while certain students work too much, four-fifths of the men do not work enough. The ordinary college adjusts its work somewhat on this basis: In each week to hold for each student about fifteen exercises, the number being seldom less than twelve or more than seventeen. The length of an exercise is usually one hour; and the character of each is such that two hours are allotted to adequate preparation. Therefore, each student is supposed to

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devote to affairs intellectual nine hours a day for five days of the week. Most wise men would agree in saying that nine hours of stiff work is enough for a college man to do in one day. Some men do more—sixty hours a week, or even a larger amount; but the number that do less, very much less, is considerable. I was recently told by a professor in a well-known college, that a student could graduate at that college by working two hours—and two hours only—each day. In these two hours was included the time spent in recitations. "But the recitations are more than two a day." "Yes: but he can cut some of these; and with a good tutor near the time of examinations he can make up his omitted work, pass the examinations, and get his degree." I myself do not believe that the condition is quite so lax, or the ability of certain students so great, as the professor intimated. But it is clearly safe to say that there are thousands of students who, including the time spent in recitations and lectures, do not devote five hours a day to their college studies. At once the question arises, Why do not the college authorities compel students to work as (some would say) is their duty, as (all would say) is their privilege? The answer is, that such compulsion would probably throw the whole body of students into a state of irritation, if not of absolute rebellion. Judging by the work done in preceding classes, as well as in colleges other than their own, students have a tolerably clear idea of how much they may be justly called upon to do. Against any attempt to greatly increase their work they would rebel; and college authorities do not like rebellions or friction. These would be as injurious as the addition of one-third to the amount of work would be beneficial. It is thus better to keep things as they are.

This condition is not quite so loose as might be inferred from what I have said; for, though the work by which one may slide down the college course be slight, yet, beyond and above all requirements, many opportunities are open to the strong and conscientious man for pursuing investigation and for reading. The fields of scholarship are large and inviting to the eager student, and are not unattractive to some who do not care to pursue the regular curriculum. Enough has, however, I trust, been said to show that, in allowing its students to cultivate a love of the agreeable, the American college is fostering a real danger. Four years of such a condition at a formative period make it difficult for a man to do hard work in the years which follow the college quadrennium.

A second drawback of a college education is one which the public

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often realizes but seldom calls attention to, viz., the training of the judgment of the student at the expense of his energy. The college teaches the student to see; and his clarified and broadened vision gives him such a knowledge of difficulties that he becomes the less inclined to undertake tasks requiring energy and persistence. The college teaches the student to discriminate; and his finer sense of appreciation enables him to estimate the nature of the perils and obstacles which lie in his way. He, therefore, becomes less inclined to exercise his power. He keeps his talent where it is safe.

The extent of this drawback will seem to some great, and to others slight. It cannot be doubted that, if certain men had had the advantage of a training in weighing evidence and in seeing comprehensively, —qualities which the college specially disciplines,—they would have been saved from mistakes many and momentous. The Patent Office would not need so large chambers for the stowage of useless inventions. But I also find myself asking, What would have been the effect of a college training on some of the more energetic men of our time, who have been the leaders in aggressive industrial movements, or masters of large affairs? What would have been its effect on the older generations of that family which controls certain railroads running between New York and Chicago? Would the marvellous and magnificent enterprises of Commodore Vanderbilt have been rendered less so by a college education? Better judgment about many things he would have had; but, would he not have had less energy? Great as is the need of good judgment in the administration of affairs in the home, the factory, the shop, the need of energy is greater. Fewer men fail by reason of a lack of judgment—numerous as these men are—than from a lack of force. More men are found sitting at the base of the mountain of some great enterprise because they are too indolent to climb than are there through lack of wisdom how to make the ascent. We Americans plume and pride ourselves upon being the most energetic of nations; yet our energy lags behind our judgment. It is, therefore, a serious matter when the college causes her students to run the risk of losing energy in order to increase the riches of judgment.

It is urged as another drawback that the time spent in getting a college education removes the man destined for a commercial life from the most favorable opportunities for learning business. The four years between the ages of eighteen or nineteen and twenty-two or twenty-three are those in which the most valuable habits of commercial life

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may be most easily learned. About one-third of the graduates of certain colleges are going into business. These men are obliged to begin, at an age beyond twenty-one, work of a kind which they might have begun several years earlier. Have they not lost time, training, opportunity? In this relation, one urging the man who is to enter business not to enter by way of the college would probably say that, as a rule, the great fortunes of our time have not been made by college graduates; that they have been made by men of tremendous energy, of keen insight, of mighty industry, of close economy,—by men who began their careers early and have followed them with haste and without rest.

Before I pass to another rather serious drawback (as it is believed by many to be) of college education there is a conception regarding the college man as a learner of a business which calls for notice. It is commonly believed that there is a "certain condescension" in college men. Many are inclined to think that the collegian considers the dust out of which he is formed to be a trifle finer than that which makes up the constitution of the ordinary mortal. For him the best things of life are none too good. His manners, gentle and refined, may be maligned on the ground of being slightly pompous. He is exclusive and seclusive. Such an interpretation is not uncommon. Some college men give ground for it, but not all. In point of fact the charge is better founded when applied to the students of certain colleges than to those of others. But it is not to be doubted that such an impression is made and that it prevents college graduates from securing a fair chance in commercial life to prove that they are neither coxcombs nor supercilious ninnies.

A further drawback is urged, with a good deal of vigor and generality of statement, that the college fills the mind with useless knowledge and trains it in antiquated methods of thought and action. In the same breath it is added that the scientific school gives practical knowledge and that its training is vital. The comparison between the dead languages and the modern is made,—always to the credit of the modern. The value of modern history and of economic science is made to appear greater than that of ancient history and of philosophy. Scientific studies are lauded as by far the most precious. The humanities are discredited. I remember overhearing at a hotel table a conversation between two recent graduates of the scientific school of a rich and famous university. "Mr. ——," said one, "gave several thousand dollars for any use the officers wished to make of the money. And what

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do you think they did with it? Why, instead of buying something useful, they spent it all in buying some mugs of the old Greek duffers." It was evident that the study of the humanities had not seriously influenced the manners nor the linguistic tastes of the graduates in question.

The drawback is not infrequently charged against the college that it trains individuality but not social efficiency. The college tends, it is said, to remove the graduate from the ordinary concerns of ordinary men. It lessens his interest in human affairs. It develops the critic—the man who tears things apart: it does not make the creator—the man who puts things together, the constructor. It creates men of the type represented by a certain scholar, who, being told on an April forenoon, "Fort Sumter is fired on," replied, "What do I care? I must finish my Greek Grammar." In patriotism, national and local, it develops the mugwump,—the man who is dissatisfied with things as they are, but is powerless to make them better. To public improvements of any sort the typical graduate has a blind eye, a deaf ear, a cold heart. He represents an academic type, which is without grace or graciousness, learned without public spirit, individualistic without social relations. This disadvantage, as well as the preceding one, I state with a good deal of boldness; for whatever of foundation in fact either drawback possesses, the college should be willing promptly to acknowledge. This drawback may be called "academicity."

I shall allude to but one more drawback, or rather to an application of a disadvantage to which I have already referred. For the man who takes no interest in any one of the manifold concerns of a college, the college is a distinct and positive injury. These concerns are manifold—scholastic, fraternal, social, athletic. If the student is irresponsive to each of them, college is not a fitting environment, and must, therefore, have a deteriorating influence upon him. Was it not a former president of Harvard who used to say that it was on the whole good for a man to come to college, even if he did no more than rub his shoulders against the brick walls? Was it not another teacher, now living, who said that it was worth while to come to college, even if one stayed only a short time and did nothing, provided he got the college touch and atmosphere? I do not, I trust, fail to appreciate the value of the college touch and atmosphere. But, while one is getting these one may be also acquiring other things which may prove quite as disadvantageous as the touch and atmosphere are desirable. Is not one in peril of becoming pessimistic in thought and feeling, of

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blurring moral vision, of forming indolent, lackadaisical habits which may prove to be as confining in their limitations as the atmosphere and touch are full of inspiration? The boy who has not come to his second intellectual birth before going to college,—and most boys have not,—or the boy who does not come to his second intellectual birth at college, is the boy who does not receive much of value while in college. Such a boy, whether he have the free and happy nature of Hawthorne's *Donatello*, or a nature touched by the spirit of evil, without interest in any one of the many relations of the college, goes forth from the institution less well fitted to undertake the great business of life than if he had not rubbed his shoulders against the red bricks, or breathed a college atmosphere.

I have written thus far largely, though not entirely, with another's pen. I have tried to interpret certain convictions which are held more or less firmly, or which are more or less widely spread. I now wish to become judge and critic of what I have written.

The drawback of a college education resulting from promoting a love for the agreeable seems to me to be so well founded that the officers should be alert to its perils. These perils are greatest for those whose environment is of the soft things of life. For the men who work hard in college and who must work hard in life, the temptation is that they will not appreciate the value of those courtesies and refinements which bear so large a part in the constitution of a beautiful character. It would be well if every man of wealth—inherited early or acquired late—could say, as said one graduate on the fortieth anniversary of his class: "I am thankful the old college made me do disagreeable things: it was the training I needed, and it has been of priceless value to me these forty years." The rule should, it seems to me, be somewhat of this sort: The college should require its students to take those studies which yield the richest educational results. (I am not now discussing the elective system, in which I do thoroughly believe.) Whether these studies be agreeable or disagreeable is an element of secondary importance. Yet their disagreeableness may, in certain instances, be so great as to render their educational value slight. In this case to pursue them is a task hardly worth the doing: the boy had better leave college, if he can find no study agreeable. But in general no such value should, in my judgment, be attached to the pleasant or unpleasant character of studies in the early part of the student's course, as prevails in certain colleges.

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In respect to the luxurious living of a certain set of college men,—I believe it is very easy to over-estimate its importance. The number of such men at the most is but small, and they are found in only a few colleges: in most colleges they are not found at all. The influence, too, of luxury on the character of rich young men is not so enervating as those of us who have no luxuries are inclined to believe. The evil is, that men become so attached to luxurious modes of living that they cannot give them up. But this evil is not so serious for college men as for men who lack intellectual interests and resources. College men of any vigor at all are inclined to regard these soft things as pleasant enough and are glad to have them; but to be obliged to part with them is not so dire a wrench as to wreck either happiness or character. We are learning that young men of great wealth may be as vigorous and virile as poor men.

The second drawback referred to, consisting in the tendency of the college to train the student's judgment at the expense of his energy, is another actual peril; but its existence is not wide. The peril has also lessened with the increase of the relations and elements which constitute the life of the modern student. The constant peril of the scholar is that of a lack of energy: the acquiring and the executive functions seem often to be antagonistic. But, for the student in whom energy is mightier than judgment, the modern college opens up many opportunities for the enlargement and discipline of his chief power. The various concerns of the students—athletic, social, dramatic, musical—represent fields in which he may prepare himself for winning his Gettysburgs; and it may be noted, in evidence, that some of the greatest constructive works of modern times, requiring bravest daring and the most intrepid confidence in oneself and in mankind,—such as the building of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, great bridges,—have been among the triumphs of college men.

The drawback which relates to the disadvantages under which the college graduate labors in entering business is one very commonly urged. The frequency of its presentation is, however, lessening. It is lessening for the best of reasons—the power and the success of the college man in business. The simple fact is, that if the graduate begins at the age of twenty-three to learn a business at that very point where he would have begun at eighteen, he stays at this point only about one-tenth as long as he would have stayed had he begun at eighteen. The rate at which he attains skill and power in business is many times greater. When he has reached the age of twenty-seven, he has not in-

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frequently overtaken and passed the boy who has been in business since the age of eighteen. For the sake of gaining ability sufficient for managing great undertakings, every boy who is to enter business should give to himself the best and widest training. Such a training is usually found in the college. If it is at all noteworthy that many of the very rich men of the United States, who have made their riches by their own energy and foresight, are not college-bred, it is certainly most significant that the sons of these men are receiving a college education.

As to the fourth disadvantage named—that the college fills the mind with useless knowledge, and trains it in antiquated methods of thought and action—I wish to say two things: First,—One of the most valuable kinds of training which the college can give is the linguistic. If to think is important, linguistic training is important. For we think in words. Therefore, thinking becomes clear, orderly, profound, as language is adequate. Language represents those methods and results of thought without which thought itself is feeble and inefficient. Therefore, training in language is of the highest value. To be able to think in, or adequately use, the English or any other language, one should know the language. He can only know this language as he knows those languages which have made the richest contributions to its structure. Every new science, and every new application of any old science, goes to the Greek for its very name. Hence, a training in Latin and Greek is of the greatest worth. The college is *not* filling the mind with useless knowledge in requiring students to learn these, not dead, but living languages. Second,—The scientific school is a professional school. Its graduate goes from its commencement, as goes the graduate of the school of law, theology, or medicine, directly to his life's work. It is not a school of liberal culture or of general training. It is to be said, and said with the utmost clearness, that the governors of our best technical and scientific schools are beginning to recognize the advantages which the man desiring to enter these schools possesses if he has previously received a general training through the college. My friend and co-worker, President Staley, of the Case School of Applied Science, has said to me frequently and forcibly: "I wish that all students before coming to the Case School had had a regular college course." A recent commencement orator at the same school urged all students before beginning their technical studies to be college graduates. The reasons that prompt the student of law, of medicine, of theology, to gain a good general education also prompt the student of technical science

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to secure one. It is, therefore, evident that, even in the judgment of those who would be inclined to disparage a college education, the knowledge which this education conveys is not rubbish, nor are the methods in which the college trains students antiquated. Indeed, such men are coming to recognize that a technical education, without a liberal education preceding it, may result in giving to its recipient an intellectual narrowness of a type so narrow as to fail to recognize its own limitations. The narrowest narrowness is that which is unconscious of itself.

The drawback which I have called "academicity," has been common, is not uncommon, but is becoming less common. For with each year the college becomes more vital. It is more thoroughly adjusting itself to life. It is training men for service in the first half of the twentieth century. Its keynote is not individual sufficiency but social sufficiency. The whole tone of the typical commencement address is not, "Stay here in the college!" but, "Go into life!" For, as President Cleveland said a few weeks ago at the great celebration at Princeton:—

> "I would have those sent out by our universities and colleges, not only the counsellors of their fellow-countrymen, but the tribunes of the people—fully appreciating every condition that presses upon their daily life, sympathetic in every untoward situation, quick and earnest in every effort to advance their happiness and welfare, and prompt and sturdy in the defence of all their rights. . . . A constant stream of thoughtful, educated men should come from our universities and colleges, preaching national honor and integrity, and teaching that a belief in the necessity of national obedience to the laws of God is not born of superstition."

It is significant that the most aggressive and fearless of the reformers of recent years have been college graduates. It is also significant that the wisest, most vital, most direct method of social improvement bears the name of the "College Settlement."

The American college sets before itself the highest ideals. It calls into its service great personalities. It receives large material endowment. It is filled with a spirit of earnestness. Its methods are usually wise. It seeks to relate itself to its own age and place. It is a great power in American life, despite even the greatest weight which may be attached to its drawbacks. It only remains for those who love it, and who work for it,—good as it is,—to make it better, to increase its power for securing its highest ideals, to enlarge its material endowment, and to quicken the force of its great personalities. The duty rests on such to make the American college a more vital and a more vigorous part of American life.

CHARLES F. THWING.

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ANATOMY LAWS *VERSUS* BODY-SNATCHING.

A COMMITTEE, of which I was a member, reported to the Association of American Anatomists, at its meeting in December, 1895, on the question of the supply of subjects for dissection.[1] More than a year earlier this committee had addressed to all professors of anatomy in the United States, and to many in Europe, a circular asking for information. The answers were so curious and interesting that I have been tempted to pursue the matter further; for it opens many historical and social questions which are well worthy the consideration of thinking people in general, and of legislators in particular. In my presidential address to the anatomists, I referred to the report of the committee as their contribution to civilization and to science: I hope to show that it fully deserves that title.

Since the Middle Ages it has been understood that a knowledge of anatomy is necessary for the treatment of disease, and that it can be acquired only by dissection. Nevertheless, law-makers have dealt with the question timidly, knowing the universality of public aversion to dissection. Owing to their timidity on the one hand, and to the zeal of anatomists on the other, glaring abuses in the obtaining of bodies have everywhere occurred. It is instructive to see how the problem of securing a sufficient number of subjects for dissection has been more or less perfectly solved; to study the successive phases; to note the repetition of similar scenes in widely different countries; and to observe the uniformity of human nature at several epochs and among diverse races. It is particularly interesting to Americans because, in this country, the question has passed through the same phases with greater rapidity. In some States, however, it is still far behind the point which it has reached in others. In comparatively few, if indeed in any, has a satisfactory solution been obtained; and in none is the system so perfect as it should and might be.

[1] This report was published in "Science," January 17, 1896. A paper by Dr. HARTWELL on the study of anatomy, in the "Journal of Social Science," No. XIII, 1881, contains much information and a good account of the laws of the several States with regard to this subject at that time. The latter have, however, been considerably changed since the paper was written.

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The rise of modern anatomy is rightly attributed to Vesalius (1514–1564); but, beyond question, the dissection of human bodies was practised before his time. Mondino dissected in the first part of the fourteenth century, and occasional dissections were made in Italy in the thirteenth. Whether any bodies were at that time openly given for the purposes of dissection is doubtful: that some were irregularly taken seems certain. A teacher and four pupils were tried at Bologna in 1319 on the charge of having taken from the grave, for anatomical purposes, the body of a man who had been executed. Apparently it was of this time that Corradi [1] wrote: "The laws against the desecration of graves were silent without being abolished, and the authorities interfered only if decided violence had been used or a great scandal raised." In the latter half of the fourteenth century laws were passed in various countries apparently allowing a limited number of dissections of executed criminals. It was decreed in the statutes of the University of Bologna, in 1405, that "no doctor or student or anyone else shall appropriate a corpse without the permission of the Rector." Later, Ferdinand, the Catholic, allowed physicians at Saragossa to open the bodies of those who died in the hospital if, in their opinion, any useful purpose would be thereby served.

The question of the attitude of the Church to dissection is an interesting one. If in the full tide of her mediæval power the Church had opposed dissection, it is inconceivable that it should have been practised at the Italian universities, as it undoubtedly was. The bull of Boniface VIII, in 1300, against eviscerating and boiling the dead—a custom that had sprung up in the Crusades, to admit of the bones of the fallen being returned to their homes—was not in any way levelled at anatomy. Dissection has never been forbidden; on the contrary the theologians of Salamanca at the time of Vesalius pronounced it lawful. Nothing can be produced to the contrary. How strong or general private repugnance to it may have been among ecclesiastics, it is impossible to say. Probably all shades of opinion were held. In any case, it would appear that dissection was at first tolerated and then more openly favored by law. Indeed, there is some reason to think that the toleration of irregularities may have been excessive; for in 1550 the people of Padua demanded that the laws against the desecration of graves and the stealing of bodies be more strictly administered. The raids of Vesalius on graveyard and gallows seem to have been chiefly, if not wholly, perpetrated in France; for, during

[1] Rendiconti del. R. istit. Lombardo, 1873.

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his successful career in the universities of Padua, Pisa, and Bologna, he had all the subjects that he needed delivered to him from the scaffolds and the hospitals. It is even said that the judges were so obliging as to execute criminals by such methods and at such times as suited the convenience of the Professor.

Practical teaching in anatomy was developed in the universities of other countries at a later period and to a much smaller extent than in those of Italy. Not until the fifteenth century were such demonstrations given in Paris. Apparently all bodies that were delivered for dissection in that city originally went to the Faculté de Médecine, and, by a law of 1552, none could go elsewhere without special permission of the dean. A century or more later the savants of the Jardin Royal —afterward the Jardin des Plantes—became restive. There exists a very curious account of their capturing a body, and of the vigorous but fruitless pursuit of the followers of the Faculté. Ultimately the Garden was victorious, for in 1673 a royal ordinance gave its professors priority; and they being required to give gratuitous demonstrations to the public. This, however, was long after the beginning of these exhibitions; for in the statutes of Paris it was decreed, in 1598, that at least two public dissections should be made yearly. In the latter half of the seventeenth century many of the fashionable world, and even ladies of high rank, attended public dissections. Molière alludes to an actual practice when he makes *Thomas Diafoirus* invite the lady he is courting to a dissection; at which the soubrette exclaims: "Le divertissement sera agréable. Il y en a qui donnent la comédie à leurs maîtresses; mais donner une dissection est quelque chose de plus gallant." The company was not, however, always select, for Lamy, an anatomist of that time, relates that once, when Cressé lectured against him, "plusieurs canailles du faux bourg empeschaient les honnêtes gens d'avoir place." On the lecturer continuing a controversial discourse for three hours, they stamped and threw stones.

In the seventeenth century the supply of subjects on the Continent was fair, if not large. "Yet many difficulties were thrown in the way of anatomical teaching by the neglect of the authorities to supply the necessary bodies, by the tedious prolixities and time-killing scribblings of stupid officials who were connected with this matter, and above all by the prejudices prevailing among the people." These words of Puschmann[1] might admirably be applied to some of the States of the Union to-day; but of this later. There would appear to have been

[1] "A History of Medical Education." English translation, London, 1891.

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some grave-robberies; for in the days of Prof. Rolfink of Jena, the graves were watched lest the dead should be, in common parlance, "Rolfinked." Moreover, mobs gathered at Berlin and Lyons. It is worth noting that the morbid curiosity to see dissections existed in Germany as well as in France; for when this same Rolfink was appointed to the court of Weimar, he, at the request of the Duke, performed a dissection for the entertainment of distinguished guests. It is gratifying that this particular custom has never been introduced in this country.

In Great Britain, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the conditions seem to have been practically the same as on the greater part of the Continent; namely, that a few bodies of criminals, or some from the hospitals, were allowed by law, that they were insufficient, that anatomy languished, and that subjects were obtained surreptitiously. Thus the Charter of the Surgeons and Barbers of Edinburgh (1505) granted them yearly one condemned man "after he be dead to make anatomy of." In 1694, the Council Register of that city records a grant of the unknown dead. There is little doubt that in the early part of the eighteenth century body-snatching was practised in Greyfriars Churchyard. It is to the credit of the College of Surgeons that they seem to have tried honestly to put it down; for in 1721 a clause was inserted in the indentures of apprentices against the violation of graveyards, and a more stringent one was substituted the next year; nevertheless, a mob threatened to destroy the college building in 1725, on account of alleged snatching. It is curious to note that dissection was at times added to the sentence for certain offences,—not for the good of medicine, but to add horror to the punishment.

To sum up the condition on the Continent from the time of Vesalius to the last quarter of the eighteenth century: Gradual progress had been made everywhere; but in Italy anatomy had flourished more than in other countries, as is shown by the long list of anatomists whose names are household words to those of the craft. In Italy, however, we hear nothing further of the desecration of graves, nor of mobs; which implies a more enlightened policy.

Great Britain was, apparently, behind the rest of Europe; for toward the close of the last century a new era of unprecedented horror began—that of the resurrectionist. The number of medical students had multiplied, the supply of bodies was inadequate, even if the laws had been honestly carried out; hence, till the year 1832, stealing was practised in a manner absolutely startling. The reader with a taste for

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horrors will find the account of the resurrectionists in Bransby Cooper's life of his uncle, Sir Astley Cooper, very entertaining, if he can stomach it. Here are most extraordinary records of the doings of these men, showing their courage, cunning, and endurance; their utter want of principle; how they betrayed their employers, and betrayed each other; how utterly vile they were; that, during their reign, no grave in England was safe,—till one is aghast at the thought of such a phase of civilization in modern times. For instance, in London, through the connivance of a servant, the body of a gentleman was stolen from the coffin in his own house the night before the funeral. The coffin-lid having been screwed down, and a proportionate weight of earth having been substituted for the body, the theft was never suspected. Bransby Cooper intimates that this was no isolated case. The era culminated in the Burke and Hare murders at Edinburgh, which led to the passage of an anatomy act in 1832. At the preliminary hearings, Sir Astley Cooper testified to the effect, that the graves of the highest subjects in the realm were at the mercy of the resurrectionists; that additional precautions merely increased the difficulty and the expense of securing the body, and were in the end futile. Such a condition of affairs was without parallel; but, with the passage of the act, body-snatching in Great Britain ceased at once and forever.

In our own country we have rapidly reënacted the longer history of Europe. With the exception of the morbid curiosity that favored public dissections, we have passed through all the old phases; and one, which in England existed only in embryo, has here taken an astonishing development. In the days of the Revolution, subjects were plentiful, and, in the absence of prohibitory laws, snatching went on gaily. Naturally English methods were in vogue; only the business was at first done in an amateurish way by students and young doctors. In 1788 the "doctors' riot" occurred in New York. A student of the *Bob Sawyer* type, at the New York Hospital, showed a boy an amputated arm, telling him it was his mother's. It so happened that the mother had recently died, and on her grave being opened no body was found. The hospital was sacked. Students and doctors were imprisoned for protection, and subsequently the mob, having vainly searched for them in suspected places, discovered their retreat and tried to take them from jail. The soldiers at last fired, killing several persons.

Very curious is the conduct of the New York Legislature of the succeeding year: it first provided severe punishment for the violation of graves, and then, in order that science might not suffer, gave to it

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the bodies of those executed for murder, arson, and burglary,—always, however, at the discretion of the court, who thus could nullify even this niggardly concession.

A similar state of affairs existed in Massachusetts, though no actual outbreak occurred. In the memoirs of my grandfather, Dr. John C. Warren, the second professor of anatomy at Harvard, and who succeeded his father in that chair, is an interesting passage describing how, when a student, he, with others, "raised" a body. He says: "When my father came up in the morning to lecture, and found I had been engaged in this scrape, he was very much alarmed; but when the body was uncovered, and he saw what a fine healthy subject it was, he seemed to be as much pleased as I ever saw him."

Later in his own career, the difficulties in obtaining subjects increasing, he states that they were driven to "the most dangerous expedients." "Two or three times," he writes, "our agents were actually seized by the police and recognized to appear in court. One or two were brought in guilty, and punished by fine; but the law officers, being more liberal in their views than the city officers, made the penalty as small as possible." "Sometimes," he adds, "popular excitement was got up and the Medical College threatened. I had reason, at some periods, even to apprehend attacks on my dwelling-house."

At length, largely through Dr. Warren's efforts, the first anatomy act deserving the name was passed in 1831—one year before that of Great Britain. When Dr. Warren died, he left directions—by way of showing that if he had done what might shock many, he had at least done nothing to others that he would not have done to himself—that his body should be dissected and that his skeleton should be placed in the museum of the Harvard Medical School named after him, its founder. It hangs there to-day.

It would take too long to follow in detail the progress of events throughout this country. In brief, the demand for subjects increased, and anatomy laws were enacted but slowly. Officials, through prejudice or superstition, tried to evade the laws where any existed. On the other hand, there seems to have been no determined effort to suppress body-snatching in places where it flourished. Civilization spread unequally. Thus, while in some States the grave has long been practically safe, in others, even at the present day, it is not so. On December 9, 1895, a body which, apparently, should not have been there, was found in the Kansas Medical College. This discovery led to others and to the examination of graves. It is stated that of thirty

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graves, twenty-six had been rifled. The justly enraged mob was so threatening that the militia had to be called out.

Just ten years ago, a murder similar to those that put an end to body-snatching in England occurred near Baltimore. An old woman of bad habits, who lived among negroes, was killed by one of the latter, and her body was sold to a medical school. The man employed in collecting bodies for the school was suspected of complicity and tried, but the only evidence against him being that of the actual murderer, he was acquitted. His occupation was, however, gone, and he lived in fear of his life. The murderer, it is satisfactory to note, was duly hanged on September 9, 1887.

Not only has the professional body-snatcher flourished, but a new figure has arisen,—the dealer in human bodies, who, procuring corpses, either by theft or by corruption, is able to distribute them at a high rate of payment to colleges throughout the country. Sometimes the same man has combined the two professions. The history of the District of Columbia is in this respect a truly disgraceful one. Not until the last Congress was an anatomy act passed. We have had the demoralizing spectacle of some five hundred students among several schools, almost under the shadow of the Capitol, dissecting bodies that everyone knew had been illegally obtained. Washington, especially at the close of the war and for some years after, was a great field for the above-mentioned gentry. They did a large business in several States. Some of them had all the characteristics of their English prototypes. One of the fraternity, Janssen by name, was repeatedly arrested. At Baltimore he departed from the prudent line of stealing only the bodies of the poor, and carried on his depredations in a cemetery for the better class. At Washington, he stole the body of a criminal who had been hanged and sold it to a medical school: the next night he stole it again to sell it to another, but was caught with his booty in a hack. After serving his sentence he actually lectured on body-snatching in one of the smaller theatres, giving practical illustrations with a sham corpse. But the most instructive part of his career is the story of his final departure from Washington. The medical schools made up a purse to induce him to leave, as, during his presence, the police were so active that what may be termed the quiet and respectable pursuit of the business was impossible. His last arrest for grave-robbery was so late as 1884.

What has occurred in the West has not come to my knowledge at first hand; but exceedingly ghastly stories are so plentiful and precise

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that one cannot doubt that, till within a few years, the state of affairs has been scandalous. A marked improvement has been general in the last twelve years, due largely to the passage, in 1883, of the Pennsylvania law—since imitated in many States—creating a receiving and distributing board, which gives each institution its due share of subjects. In reading the laws of various States it is very curious to find how often the heading of the act contains the statement that it is for the better protection of the grave; as if its violation were, like the ravages of the gypsy moth, one of the misfortunes to which nature is liable. Reckless body-snatching is, I believe, now unknown, except in the wilder parts of the West; but probably in many places bodies are illegally taken which, in a more enlightened community would, as a matter of course, be granted for the purposes of medical instruction. I was particularly struck with the peculiar condition of affairs in one State, as shown by the answers to our circular. Subjects were plentiful, they were cheap, they were received in good condition; yet there was no law authorizing dissection, and, what is more remarkable, there seemed to be none protecting graves. Truly a comfortable place for anatomists, though not one of the most respectable arrangements!

The business of the dealer in bodies is not what it has been, but it is still larger than it should be. This is a source of danger. The mere fact that a man is engaged in such a business suggests the suspicion that he may not be over-nice in choosing his sources of supply: doubts arise whether, under the stress of circumstances, he might not go to considerable lengths rather than disappoint a valuable client. Such conditions are, moreover, injurious to the schools in the same State, to which the bodies should properly go,—assuming, of course, that they are unclaimed. Nearly all the States have now anatomy laws; but there is great variation in their nature and enforcement. In many States the law is simply permissive, and in these, of which Massachusetts is unfortunately one, the supply is much hampered by the prejudices, the superstition, the timidity of superintendents and boards of management. Many officials live in a state of terror of the demagogue, which is truly pitiful; for the cry of desecration of the bodies of the poor is one of the tricks of his trade, and officials may well hesitate to involve themselves in difficulties for the sake of what is to them an abstract question. This condition is not unlike that mentioned by Puschmann as existing in Europe two centuries ago.

In some States the law is apparently meant to be evaded. Legislation in Maine is notoriously peculiar. The anatomy act, besides

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giving unclaimed corpses and, unless the relatives object, the bodies of murderers (who are never hanged), has been sagaciously amended so that ten residents in the town in which such a person dies can, by signing a paper, prevent the use of the body. It is easy to see that such signatures can be easily procured. The following extract (which I am permitted to quote) from a letter from the professor of anatomy at Bowdoin deserves to be read carefully:—"Here our supply from other States is insufficient and precarious; and we get so few subjects from domestic sources that the law must soon be made serviceable to science, or practical anatomy must cease in Maine." To a greater or less extent, this is the case in many other States. It is alarming, both as regards the cause of medical education and the sacredness of the grave.

To turn to another aspect of the case revealed by the answers to the committee,—it appears that the disposition of remains is not altogether satisfactory. In twenty-seven institutions they are buried, in ten, cremated, and in four, thrown away. One correspondent concisely answered the question (as to disposal) with the word, "sewer." It is to be suspected that in many of the cases reported as cremated, nothing more is meant than that the remains go into the furnace as garbage. Here is ample opportunity for reform. In other countries the remains are generally buried; sometimes, even in different cemeteries, according to creed; and I have been told, but will not vouch for the fact, that in England services are read over them. One of our Western colleges owns a lot in the graveyard. It is clear that those not having such conveniences can hardly bury bodies surreptitiously obtained.

How are these things to be conducted in the ideal State? First of all, the rights of the poor have to be respected. There must be no danger that the body of husband, wife, child, or near relation may be taken through any lack of means on the part of the survivor. On the death of a pauper due notice should be given to those near of kin: these failing to claim, the demands of medical education come next. Still, the principle is to be laid down that such a body is, as it were, only loaned to science, and that it is to be treated with decency throughout the operation of dissection. Any religious emblems or trinkets are to be removed and placed in the coffin, which, later, will receive the remains. The examination being finished, the body is to be decently buried in a cemetery; if possible, in one of the creed of the deceased. Probably the nearest approach in America to this treatment of the remains prevails at Harvard. I like to boast that, for many

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years, not a single body has been received by the anatomical department for which I am not ready to give an account. By such a course, all reasonable opposition is obviated. There is no wrong to the living, no insult to the dead, and the needs of science are met.

It is curious to observe that everywhere there seems to have been a greater readiness to have dissection practised surreptitiously than to put it on a solid legal basis. Other countries have passed beyond this stage: we are still struggling with it. While our legislatures will not do what is imperative for anatomy, they wink at the disgusting trade in the dead, at the fact of corpses being sent about the country in boxes and barrels, to be finally thrown away as refuse.

Our system is faulty, as regards humanity on the one hand, and education on the other. While I consider it a debasing superstition to hold that dissection is an injury to the dead, I do not consider it one to say that the body should be decently treated, and that the grave should be rendered inviolable. Humanity demands that the feelings of near relatives, poor or rich, should be respected. Enlightenment demands that not a single unclaimed body that is needed for education should be lost. These demands are not antagonistic: on the contrary, the most perfect solution of the problem secures both. This solution requires that the law be imperative; leaving officials no discretion, but directing them to give to the schools, under penalty, all the bodies that properly belong to them. In freeing officials from responsibility, it protects them from attack. Wise and strict regulations should prevent the surrender of any corpse without due inquiry. The law should likewise demand bonds from the schools for the due observance of the above-mentioned rules for care and burial. Finally, all trading in bodies should be punished with the greatest severity, the penalty being imprisonment without the alternative of a fine.

Till the law does all that it should for medicine, in many places the grave will be unsafe; some new horror will disgrace both science and our law-givers. The demands of medical education are both so just and so imperative that they must not longer be neglected. The cry of humanity, that no wrong be done, is equally urgent. We cannot hope that superstition and prejudice will readily die out; but the intelligent community must rise above them. Till this question has been fairly met, we cannot boast that our civilization equals that of Europe.

THOMAS DWIGHT.

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AMERICAN WOMEN AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A LEADING English Review has recently undertaken to discuss the question of the influence of the American woman upon the literature of her country. The subject, in itself both interesting and important, deserved a better fate than that of falling into the rash hands of a writer who would seem to belong to the class proverbially credited with more than celestial hardihood, though armed with less than angelic caution. There is consolation in the fact that he would seem to be a stranger whose personal acquaintance with his subject is of the slightest texture, and apparently a very young man who may yet hope to acquire wisdom with maturing years.

It is a familiar and well-worn reflection that the most careful of men have little power of foreseeing the consequences of their actions; and it may well be that the authorities of the Boston Public Library selected with no overwhelming sense of responsibility the names of the women representative of literature and science upon their memorial tablets. They may even have supposed that in selecting from other countries rather than their own the names of women who should receive this honor, they paid a graceful tribute to the literature of Europe, and exhibited a generosity that was likely to be appreciated and might not impossibly be imitated. The idea was a natural one, and yet, perhaps, it was hardly less natural that its results should somewhat disappoint expectation. We live in an age of criticism rather than of appreciation; a time in which not only he who runs may read, but in which he who runs is also too often tempted to write; and it need not surprise us that to a certain class of minds—which like the poor we have always with us—an action both graceful and generous is likely to suggest ill-natured comment rather than appreciative imitation. To the stranger from New Zealand the fact that five names of British female writers were chosen for places of honor and but one American suggested no appreciation of the modesty displayed, or the stern sense of critical justice exhibited by the Boston authorities. What it seems to have suggested to him was only a sneer at the supposed poverty of the intellectual soil of the country, and an attempt to

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prove that this poverty extends to the moral, emotional, and social qualities of the sex in America. The fact is significant, though possibly more important to the critic than to any one else.

The library authorities of Boston have omitted to place on record the considerations that guided them in their selection of memorial names—and for this, it may be, the Australasian critic owes them a not unnatural grudge—yet it does appear that, to one anxious to comprehend rather than to criticize, the names themselves might have sufficiently suggested the reasons for the choice. The intention would seem to have been rather to commemorate those among women who have been the first pioneers of their sex in various paths of literary achievement than to select those who may have attained the highest distinction by following in the paths which they had opened up. Thus Sappho was selected, while Mrs. Browning was omitted; and thus it may well have been that Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, and Charlotte Brontë were each chosen not because of a supposed intellectual preëminence over all others but rather in honor of their work as pioneers in distinctive paths of literature. An explanation so natural and self-evident as this might indeed have been omitted here were it not that it disposes of the first count in the "Contemporary's" indictment of the women of America in relation to literature. That count was intended to show that the female writers of America had already suffered condemnation at the hands of their own people who had esteemed them unworthy of commemoration; what it did show was certainly no more than this,—that in the opinion of these judges it had not remained for the literary woman of America to point the way into new paths of literature.

This, however, although the first, is by no means the last or most serious count of the indictment preferred by the critic of the "Contemporary Review." He intimates indeed that the literary authorities of Boston have practically given up the American woman as a failure, but he hastens to point out that in doing so they have shown a keenness of judgment and an independence of spirit which distinguish them from the rest of their countrymen. Elsewhere, we are told, the man of America lives but to heap praises the most undeserved, and compliments the most fulsome, upon the women of his country. He professes that he can see in her no faults nor imperfections; lets it be understood that he can imagine no virtues or graces of mind or person which she does not illustrate and adorn; and is jealous to the verge of absurdity of the pretensions of the women of any other country, especially Eng-

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land, to compare with them in any of these respects. The short-sighted American man has thus, it appears, exalted the supposed virtues and exaggerated the fictitious graces of the unfortunate American woman, till he has incurred the terrible retribution of rendering her the most superficial and shallow of womankind; the most self-conscious and self-indulgent of human beings; the most entirely unreal in her relations with others, and the most wholly selfish in her ambitions for herself or any of her sex. Here be accusations, truly! After this who can wonder when he is told that the women of America have inspired none of their native poets with visions of purity, love, and beauty? Who can blame Longfellow when he hears that he pictured *Evangeline* as an Acadian maiden, with all the gifts and graces which, Mr. De Thierry says, unfailingly indicate her French descent, and not as a fashionable young Boston lady of to-day? Who can even wonder—however much he may regret—that the heroine of "The Golden Legend" is represented as a mere German girl, apart from the circumstance that there were no American girls at the date of the story? Who, indeed, can blame American poets for their want of human inspiration; novelists for the want of depth and pathos displayed by their characters; even actors and singers for their lack of power in conception, and scope in execution, so long as their mothers, wives, and sisters are the soulless creatures they have become. The poets of America have turned, it appears, in despair either to nature for their themes or to foreign types of womanhood for their ideals; her novelists either wallow in the frivolous and commonplace because they select heroines from their own people, or choose heroines from other races not yet contaminated by the fatal defects of their own. If these things are so who can wonder indeed? The only strange and unaccountable feature of the case would seem to be that these nobly dissatisfied men do not appear to seek for the companions of their own hearths and homes the foreign ideals they have been driven to seek for their literary purposes.

There is one drawback which is apt to attach to criticisms conceived on large and heroic lines like these—they generally fail in usefulness even while they conduce to healthy amusement. Thus it may be feared that the, no doubt, well-meant criticisms of the writer from the South Pacific will fail to throw much useful light on the interesting subject which he professes to discuss. Yet the subject is one which is well worthy of investigation. It is true that in the long run the literature of each country must afford the surest index of the

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character and aims of its people as a whole; and therefore each step in its development may well be watched with interest and criticized with intelligent solicitude. It may even be said that of all the branches of a national literature the imaginative will be found to be the most instructive, for while history records the lesson of the experience of a race, it is in its poetry and fiction that we may read the working of the forces that are to go to the making of its history and already foreshadow the experiences which accompany its rise or fall. The most recent critic of American literature has indeed brought little to the task which he undertook either of knowledge of his subject or of analytical skill in dealing with the little that he knew; yet it is well to admit that he has done something. Some of his statements have at least a show of correctness, and others are suggestive of inquiry that ought not to be wanting either in interest or importance.

The allegation that American women have not so far impressed the greatest writers of their own country as to induce them to delineate types of character that can be recognized as essentially American is one which contains, it must be confessed, a considerable amount of truth. It was absurd indeed, to instance the fact that Longfellow artistically represented his *Evangeline* as possessing no especially American characteristics, or that Hawthorne did not select an American rather than an English Hebrew girl as the heroine of "Transformation," which dealt with scenes foreign to America; but it is not absurd to ask the question why these and many other leading American authors have so generally preferred to expend their best energies in delineating characters foreign to their own country rather than those nearer home. This fact—for to an important extent it is a fact—is one of the discoveries made by the critic of the "Contemporary" during his excursion into the domain of American literature; and it is the one which seems to have been responsible for most of his erroneous conclusions. He has found that many American authors, and among them perhaps a majority of the most talented and popular, have found their themes in Europe rather than in America; and he has remarked, and with truth, that in doing so the characters they have portrayed have conformed to the types native to the countries in which their stories are laid. It may be said that this is artistic, and the assertion cannot be refuted; the point is that it is unique. The American author who writes of foreign countries seldom introduces his own countrywomen into them, and never conceives an English, French, German, or Italian girl or woman who can be recognized as only an American girl or woman masquerading in

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foreign clothing. This is not true, or at any rate it is not equally true, of the authors of other countries. English writers from the time of Shakespeare downward have scarcely ever done it. Whether their female characters were supposed to live in old Greece, in classic Rome, in the ages of chivalry, or in the seventeenth century, they were all of the ideal British type. *Desdemona* and *Juliet*, *Audrey* and *Ophelia*, are not less English than *Cordelia*, though the great dramatist places them in Italy, France, and Denmark. And what is true of Shakespeare is equally true of Scott, or indeed of any other English poet or novelist that can be named. The same may be said with equal truth of French or German writers. They rarely attempt foreign subjects, but when they do their female characters have a tendency, apparently irresistible, to conform to the ideal types of their own people.

This, stated in a few words, would seem to be the radical discovery made by the critic from the South Pacific, which underlies the whole of his indictment against the women of America. It is hardly necessary to point out that the discovery is not a new one, as its whole importance lies in the application. There are exceptions, and some brilliant exceptions, to the rule as laid down regarding American writers, but they are sufficiently exceptional to leave the problem announced by the "Contemporary" critic untouched, and to enable him to arrive at the conclusion that there is either no ideal of female character native to America or that, while it has an existence, it is too commonplace and frivolous to rouse the sympathies or engage the serious attention of readers at home or abroad. The conclusion is a hasty one, founded largely, it may be, upon prejudice, but certainly not the result of a careful analysis of the facts, or an intelligent comparison of these with others that should have been specially within the critic's knowledge.

Any view of the literature and social characteristics of a people which fails to grasp the history and conditions of the population must at all times be shallow and misleading. Thus an attempt to estimate the intellectual and social conditions of the colonies of Australia to-day by a reference to its imaginative literature would be in the last degree misleading. A few writers, indeed, both in prose and verse have been produced; but, generally speaking, they have found comparatively little honor in their own country, and for the most part turn sooner or later to themes that are foreign to the Pacific continent. Nor does the fact imply any condemnation either of the writers who fail to find any permanent inspiration in Australian subjects, or of the men and women of the colonies who have ceased to be their heroes and heroines. The

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first condition of a successful imaginative literature in any country must be that it excites as well as satisfies the imaginations of that country as they exist at the time. In the case of new countries, no longer in the first stage of pioneer adventure, the struggle of life is generally keen, and the conditions of life are in many respects prosaic. In these cases the imagination when excited to any degree of activity turns naturally to circumstances and conditions of life that are less familiar than those surrounding it; to a state of society which at least seems to be richer in the stored-up results of time and the long accretions of civilization than that to which it is accustomed. In Australia this is emphatically the case to-day. It may indeed suit an Australian critic to assert that the fact of the non-existence of Australian heroines in books written by Australians is that their appreciation of their mothers and sisters lies too deep for utterance, but the fact remains that it is not uttered by making them the heroines of their books.

In many respects the analogy between Australia and America is closer to-day than that between this country and any of the old countries of Europe. The conditions of life are altogether more alike, the habits and social customs of the great body of the people have far more in common. The explanation is that both are new countries. In both, the process of forming a people fitted to make the best of those conditions is still going on, and in neither has the crystallizing effect of long centuries acting upon the people had time to make itself fully apparent. The past history of either country seems as nothing compared with the great expanse of the future that lies before it—the faces of the people of each turn naturally to the future of the country rather than to its past. It is in such a state of things as this that imaginative literature finds little material at home. When Shakespeare wrote in England it was to foreign scenes that he turned most naturally, and, except in his historical plays, he made little use of his own country. It is true that he made his characters, wherever they were supposed to be, speak as English men and women, but this arose from the fact that he knew none but English people, and so far as it went it was a limitation of his genius. In this respect writers are more fortunate to-day. It is possible for the writer who finds that works of imagination dealing with countries foreign to his own are the most appreciated by his own people to visit those countries and render his artistic work more perfect by making it more true. In doing so he meets a natural want, and satisfies a craving which both in himself and his readers is artistic.

The evolution of a literature, like that of a people, is necessarily a

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slow process, subject to many laws and conditions which can only be very partially understood even by those who approach the subject in the spirit of unprejudiced inquiry rather than of flippant fault-finding. In the earlier stages of its development the new nation and its literature will naturally bear all the marks of that from which it sprang; the models for its imitation will be found not in its new home but in that which it has left, and its standards of excellence will, consciously or the reverse, be looked for there. At present the United States, in respect at least of its literature, is only beginning to emerge from this elementary stage of intellectual evolution. Its existence as a separate people extends only a hundred and twenty years,—a time far too short to produce either in a race or its literature any very radical variation from the parent stock. Changes, indeed, there are, but as yet they are rather indicated than developed; to be looked for rather in the region of tendencies than of full-grown diversities either of form or of substance. The attempt, therefore, to draw any conclusions of the important and far-reaching character which the critic of the English review has attempted from any omissions that may be noted as yet in the literature of the country is a short-sighted and childish one. Only in a literature that has grown up with a people can anything of this kind be safely attempted.

A great literature, it is well to remember, does not any more than a great nation, spring up full grown in a single century. The first stage, with the literature as with the people, is a period of assimilation, accompanied by more or less of ferment and experiment. In America, more than in any other country of ancient or modern times, this was to be expected, because nowhere else has the growth been so rapid or the amount of foreign elements to be assimilated been so vast in amount or so varied in kind. It is hardly correct, indeed, to speak of "the American woman" at all as though she belonged to any distinct race, or had existed for the length of time necessary to evolve any new racial peculiarities of intellect or disposition. As yet the races that have been pouring into the country for the last fifty years at the average rate of a third of a million annually have really amalgamated chiefly for political purposes, and cannot have in any degree altered their types or taken any considerable share in forming a new one. It is not in the great cities, at any rate, that any reasonable person seeking for the type of the American woman which comes nearest to a national one would dream of looking for what he sought. In the country districts of the East and South, indeed, where the mixture of

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races has been small, and the influences of climate and environment have had the longest time to operate, the first beginnings of racial peculiarity might be sought with some hope of success; and this would seem to be the very last place where their critic has thought of looking. What he has seen of the women of America—if indeed he has seen them at all except through the distorted medium of the newspapers—he may have seen in one or two of the larger cities in the hasty glimpses which he succeeded in catching of what he was led to believe represented good society, and from such a view no true idea could possibly be gathered.

In every civilized country there exists to-day a small class to which the possession of large wealth and the enjoyment of selfish ease are the fruitful sources of absurdity and eccentricity. That such a class exists in America, as it does in England and France, goes without saying; but the observer must be foolish indeed who mistakes that class for the nation at large, or charges its eccentricities upon the whole people. In America, indeed, it is generally new and consequently more aggressive than elsewhere. In its desire to make itself seen and heard it is apt to make its weddings a public exhibition and its funerals a so-called society function. It has much of the obtrusiveness of novelty, and discloses the rough edges of a gentility lately and hastily put together. Yet in America, as in older countries, this class is but the fly upon the great wheel of the progressive life of the people, although here as elsewhere it is too apt to imagine that it is the motive power. The critic of the American woman seems, in his youth and inexperience, to have accepted this class at its own valuation. He has seized upon and exaggerated its foibles; he has dwelt upon and emphasized its absurdities; and he has fancied in his ignorance that he was criticizing the women of a great people.

A critic who has fallen so easily into the vulgar error of supposing that a small clique of idle people could be taken to represent a nation might have been expected to take an equally superficial view of its literature. There is a curiously second-hand ring about his references to all the American writers, to whom he refers, and even his extracts are suspiciously like those supplied by a well-known cyclopedia, yet it is possible that he may have read some of them. He may have done Miss Wilkins the honor of reading some of her New England sketches; he may have glanced over one or two of Miss Murfree's stories of Tennessee; he may even have read a novel by Mrs. Deland, but, if so, it is evident that he considered he had thus exhausted the contributions of

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American women to imaginative literature, or at any rate that part of them which had any claims to his distinguished regard. He is of course too young to remember how a work of fiction by an American woman once aroused not only the United States but Christendom by its realistic force and passionate sympathy, and aided more than any other book ever written by any woman to right a great human wrong and sweep away a great national disgrace; but he might with profit to himself have spent a few months in reading the many books by American women, pure in sentiment and tender in feeling, that illustrate phases of American life evidently undreamt of by their critic.

To a critic fenced about with a panoply of ignorance and well-equipped with the weapons of flippancy and prejudice it is an easy and possibly a congenial task to make attacks upon the women of any country. To point the attack by sneering at the poets, laughing at the actors, and dismissing the musicians of the country with patronizing contempt, is a feat of no great difficulty for one so well provided. He need not have read a line of the poetry; he need never have seen one of the actors; it is wholly needless for him to have listened to one of the singers whom he dismisses so cavalierly. It may be thought, indeed, that something more was required before he could venture to sketch and criticize the American girl in her social aspect and triumphs—but even this is doubtful. A casual meeting with one or two in the haunts of travel in any part of the world could hardly fail to confirm what he had already heard and read of their charms; it is far from improbable that it has also enabled him to speak from personal experience of "retorts, as crushing as they are merciless," administered, not without cause, to himself.

It is not, however, the observer who adopts such methods of inquiry as these who need expect to see anything which can possibly be worth recording. They may indeed inspire an article spiced with ill-nature, and highly flavored with prejudice, and thus it is conceivable they may secure for the writer a little—a very little—short-lived notoriety; but they can contribute nothing to the knowledge of mankind, and less than nothing to the mutual goodwill and intelligent appreciation of peoples nearly related in blood and feeling. The critic who really wishes to know something of the women of America must study, not the little clique of exceptional cases made eccentric and ridiculous it may be by newly found wealth and unaccustomed luxury, but the vast majority of the sex who form the centres of millions of homes and are the mothers of the nation which is being developed out of the various races that

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have mingled in this great land. Such an observer may indeed find new characteristics to satisfy his curiosity and afford food for his speculation, but they will not take the direction of indifference to the ties of home, and the absence of those finer feelings which in the future, as in the past, must ever form the crowning charm of womanhood. A greater freedom from the restraints of old conventionality; a more active sympathy and acquaintance with the thousand and one interests which men have hitherto enjoyed apart from women in the countries of the Old World; these he will find, and in finding them he will discover the charm which accounts for much of that admiration felt for the American woman by the men of her own, and not a few of those of other countries.

It is difficult to part with a critic who professes to look at the women and the literature of America from a colonial point of view without a lingering feeling of wonder that he of all men could have fallen into blunders so shallow and mistakes so entirely without excuse. In Australia, as in the United States, a new nation of English origin is in course of formation. There, as here, are already to be found symptoms of the gradual divergence from the parent type which new conditions must inevitably produce. In the case of Australia the lapse of time has been shorter and the admixture of races has been less than in that of America, but on the other hand the conditions of life in the Pacific continent are more strange and the whole environment is more dissimilar from that of the cradle of the race than here. Already there are English people who speak and write of the new type of the Australian girl; already they see in her a greater independence of mind, and some at least discern a consequent charm of manner greater than they can find in her more conventional cousins in England. It may be that ere long some ill-natured and worse-informed critic may be found who will assert that the Australian land is fatal to the best moral, intellectual, and social qualities of the race, and that the women of Australia are in a condition of incipient decay. There, as here, however, the race, and not least the women of the race, may be trusted to maintain their high position. There, as here, amid minor variations and charming diversities, the women descended from the sturdy old Anglo-Saxon stock will continue to be the worthy centre of the life of the home, and the best guarantee of the abiding virtues and capacities of the race.

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